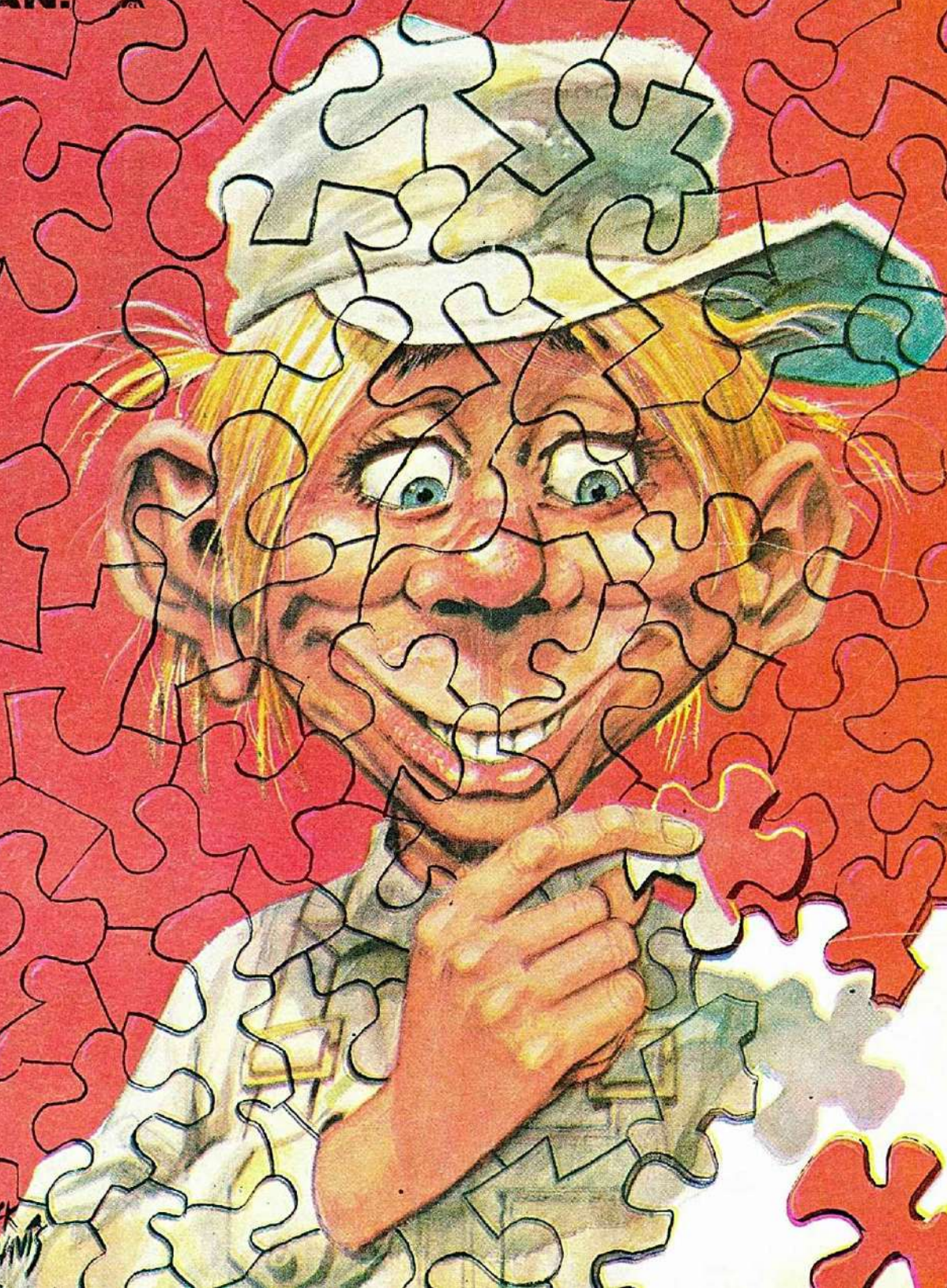


MOST TALKED ABOUT MAGAZINE IN THE COUNTRY!
NO ONE EVEN MENTIONS IT IN THE CITY!

CRACKED

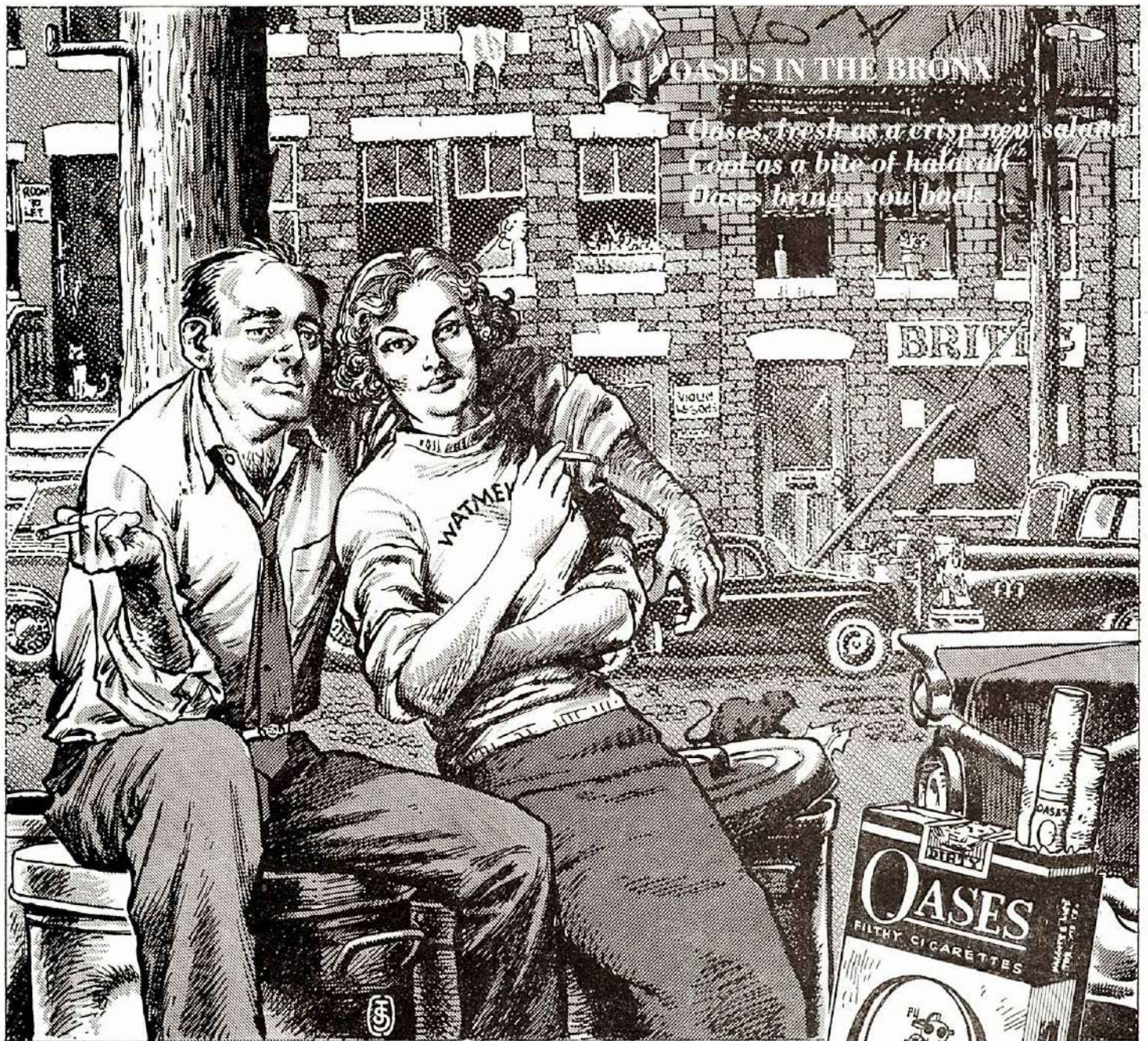
JAN. 1981

25¢



JACK
DAVIS

OASES brings you back to the everyday!



A NEW TASTE EXPERIENCE IN FILTHY SMOKING

Whereas other cigarettes take you away from the everyday, to places like Monte Carlo, Switzerland and Grossingers, Oases brings you back to reality. The new-type filter is designed to allow dust to come thru, making you feel right at home while smoking.

REMINISCING AT ITS VERY BEST

CRACKED

ENTIRE MAGAZINE WRITTEN BY PAUL LAIKIN

ARTISTS: John Severin, Will Elder, Jack Davis

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ROBERT C. SPROUL.....Publisher

HARRY CHESTER.....Production

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PETER GOON

TV's rugged adventurer in a new and exciting drama entitled, "The case of the Boomerang that didn't come back."—or "Come out of that Bathroom, and come out clean 3

AWARDS FROM THE SYNDICATE

Once again we bring you the latest from the racket guys to show you what crimes are going on inside America, the biggest one being the writing of this article 10

RATE YOUR PERSONALITY

A cracked test to determine what kind of a clod you are. If you complete this test satisfactorily then you're a bigger clod than you thought you were .. 14

BEATNIK GOES TO A PARTY

Man! Like make it with us to a real swinging pad for lots of crazy beat action with scores of hip cats and cool chicks and let's have a ball and all that jazz, hah? 18

SUNSHINE AND HEALTHY

A peek at a magazine which plainly shows the best people in the best places and proves that if everybody were laid end-to-end we'd have bumper-to-bumper traffic 37



LETTERS...



Dear Ed.,
I notice in your listings of trade schools for misfits, you have a school for every type of idiot. But like you left out one for clods who always write stupid letters to editors.

Stan Crafton
Omaha, Nebr.

Ed. Note: Sorry. Tell us where you got your training and we'll put it in the next issue.

TUTORING SCHOOL FOR CLODS

PERSONALITY COURSE

Be an idiot, think like an idiot, actually becoming an idiot course.

TO GUIDE YOU

of difficulties. We show you the clod you really are. We countess non-thinking

ion write:



Dear Cracked:
I see where Paul Laikin wrote and edited the entire last issue. How can one guy think up all of those wonderful articles?

Shirley Berkowitz
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Ed. Note: He got three heads.

Dear Ed:
That Creative Housekeeping article was fine. But tell me, how can I make my work more creative? I'm a gravedigger.

Harold Henry
Miami, Fla.

Ed. Note: Try using live bodies.

Dear Editor,
Now that you've shown us the janitor's face, we've become great fans of his. We think he's very cute and ador-

Old Cracked Barrel

WHERE READER
AND EDITOR PUT
THEIR FEET UP AND
BLOW OFF STEAM

able. Love to know more about him.
The Girls at Fannie's Restaurant
New York City

Ed. Note: Sylvester P. Smythe is his real name, he has wavy black hair and dark brown eyes and girls—he's still single.

Hey, Pops!
Man! Like those hip state posters was the most! Be cool, keep swinging, and all that jazz!

J. Kerouac
San Francisco

Ed. Note: Like thanks.

Dear Cracked,
Your magazine wasn't worth a penny. Kindly cancel my subscription.
Florence Larkin
Denver, Colorado

Ed. Note: We already did! Your check wasn't worth a penny either!

Dear Cracked:
Tried one of those judo throws you demonstrated in the last issue, on a guy twice my size. In two seconds I had him on the floor. Trouble was, I was underneath him.

Mike Solosky
Scranton, Pa.

Ed. Note: You musta forgot to let go!

THE NECK TWISTING GRIP



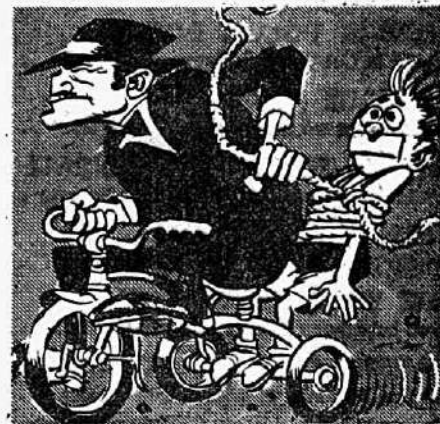
Dear Editor,
I bet you won't print this.

Frank Zopi
Lakewood, N. J.

Ed. Note: This.

Dear Cracked,
Enjoyed your feature on racketeers taking over the children's world. Let's have more of these stimulating articles.

C. Luciano
Naples, Italy



Dear Editor:
In your Marbone Book Sale ad you shoulda listed one more book title — "How to Figure Out the Articles in Cracked."

Foster Williams
Racine, Wisc.

Ed. Note: !/x" '21/4?!!!

Your last issue was your best!
Diane Pappas
Salt Lake City

Your last issue was the finest you had!
Morty and Giggy
Freehold, N. J.

Your last issue was tops!
Hotel Majestic
So. Fallsburg, N. Y.

Your last issue—I hope!
A. Dissenter
Showme, Mo.

Cracked wishes to acknowledge the following people who wrote in very complimentary about our last issue:



YOU WON'T FIND CRACKED T-SHIRTS IN THE YELLOW PAGES

That's because CRACKED T-SHIRTS aren't IN the yellow pages

CRACKED T-SHIRTS
218 W. 48th St.
New York 36, N. Y.

PRINTED IN
FULL COLOR

You'll have that get up and go feeling
when and wherever you're wearing one.
So don't stand still! Order yours today!
Just fill in the coupon, put down your
size, and don't forget to send the \$1.25

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____

SIZE _____ NO. OF SHIRTS _____

AMT. ENCLOSED AT \$1.25 EA. _____

BOYS & GIRLS

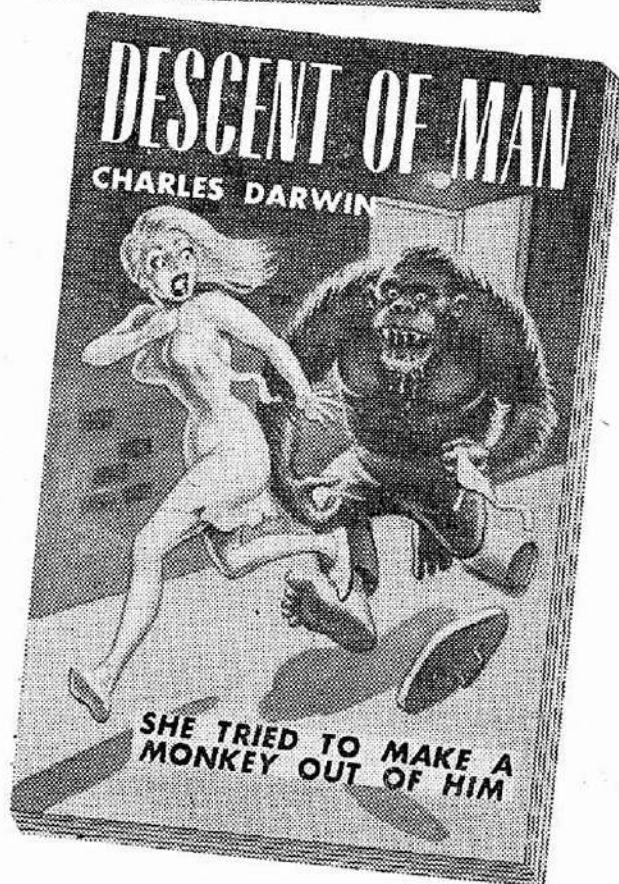
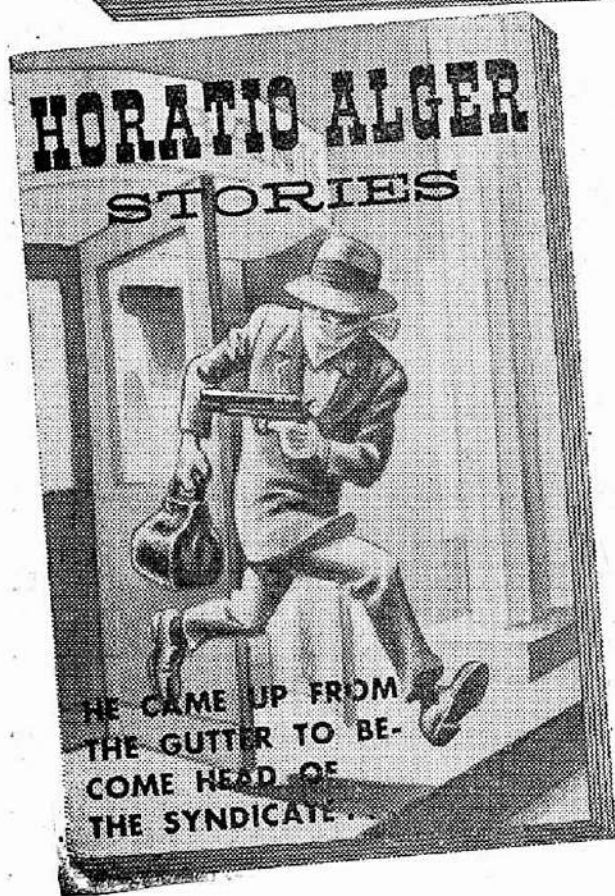
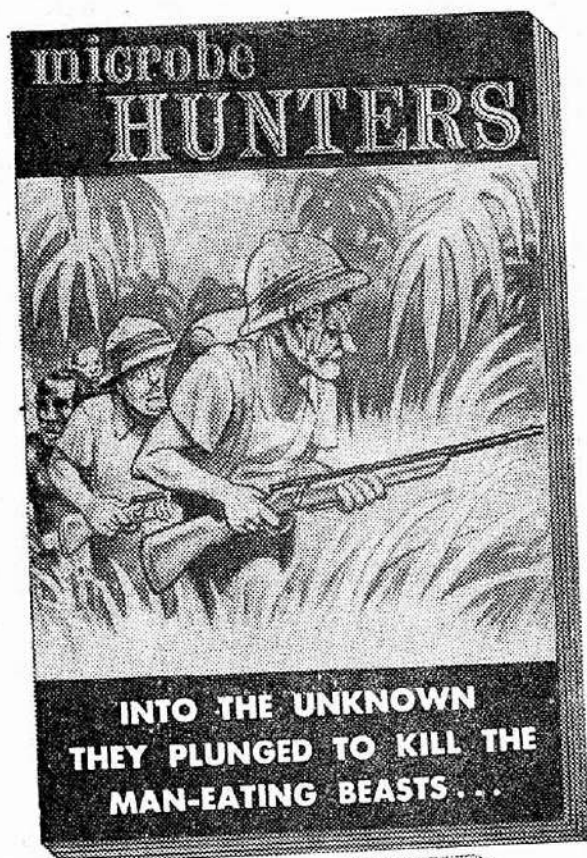
Chest Meas.	SIZE	Chest Meas.	Size	Chest Meas.	Size
24"-27"	B.S.	27"-31"	B.M.	31"-34"	B.L.

MEN & WOMEN

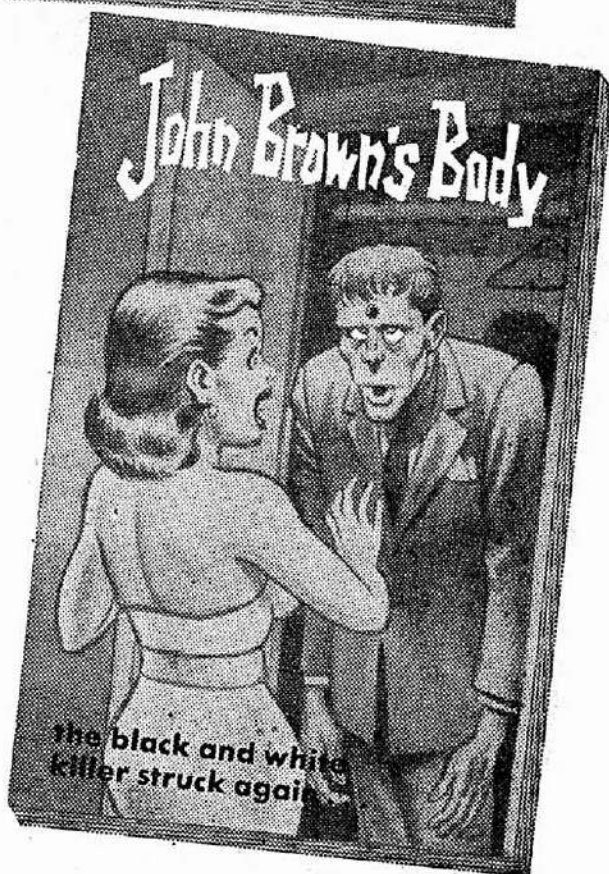
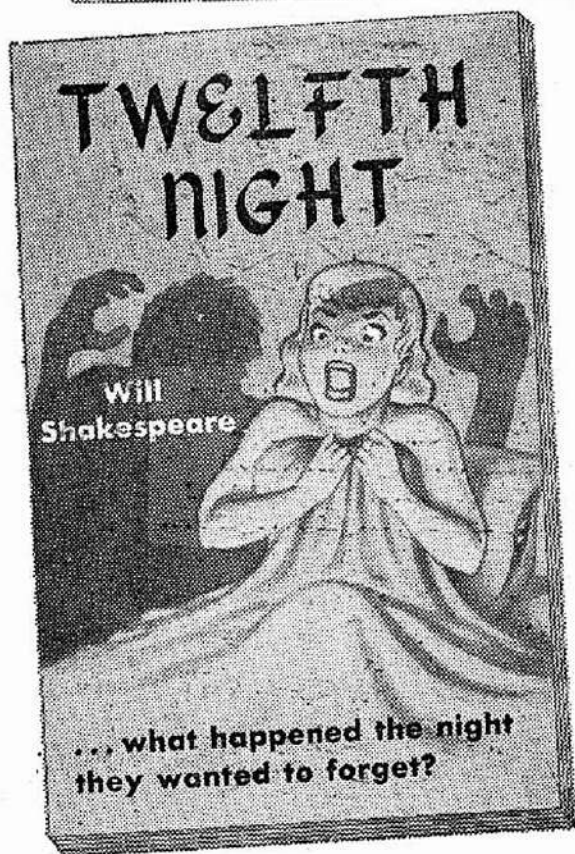
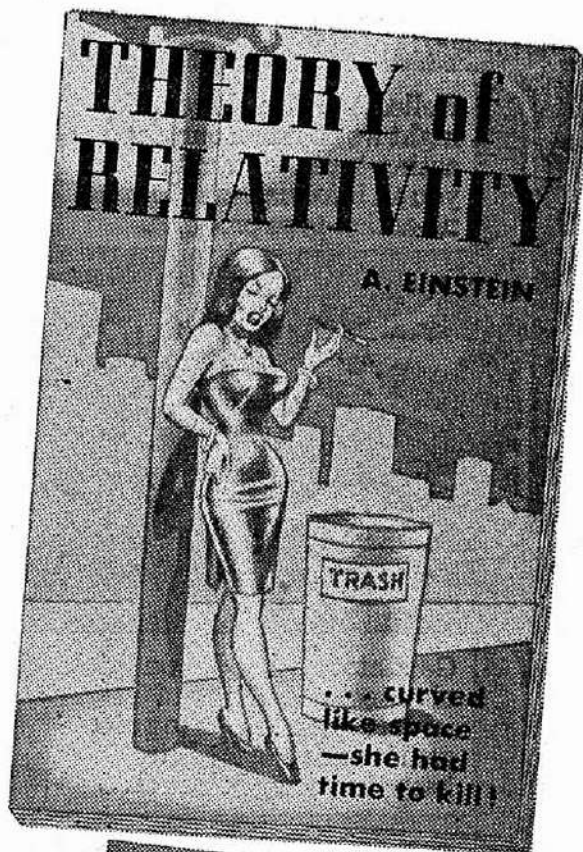
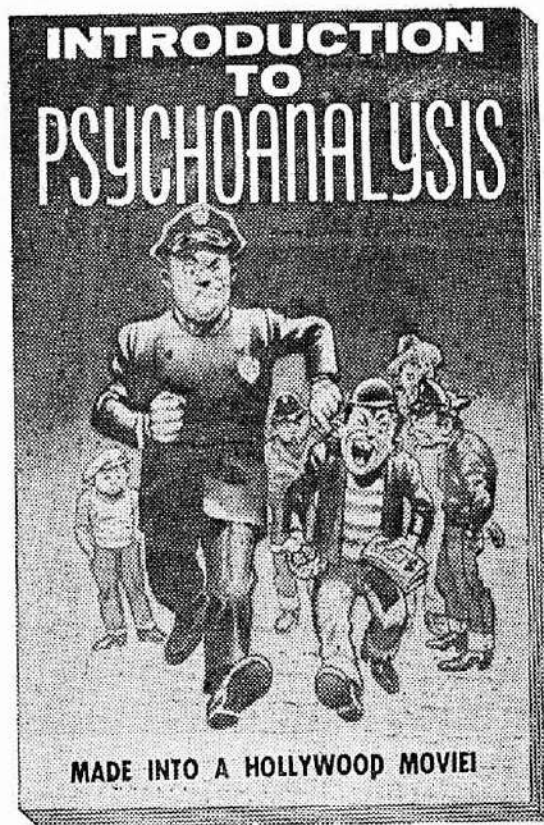
Chest Meas.	Size	Chest Meas.	Size	Chest Meas.	Size
34"-37"	M.S.	37"-41"	M.M.	41"-44"	M.L.

Today nearly all of our literary classics are available to the American public because of the ever growing paperback book industry. To appeal to the great masses however publishers have had to

resort to lurid and sensational covers to sell these books. The situation becomes a little ridiculous when it hits our most sacred non-fiction works and we get these . . .

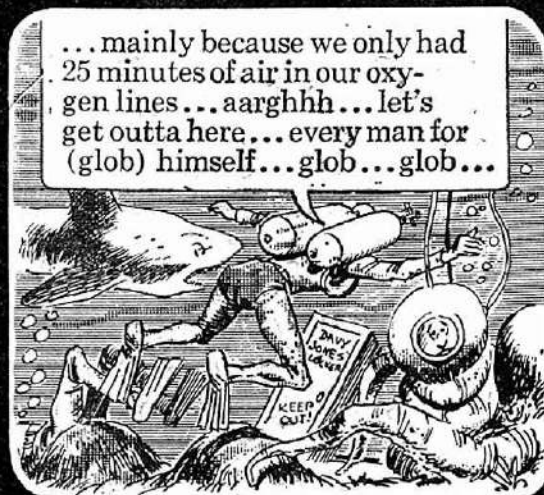
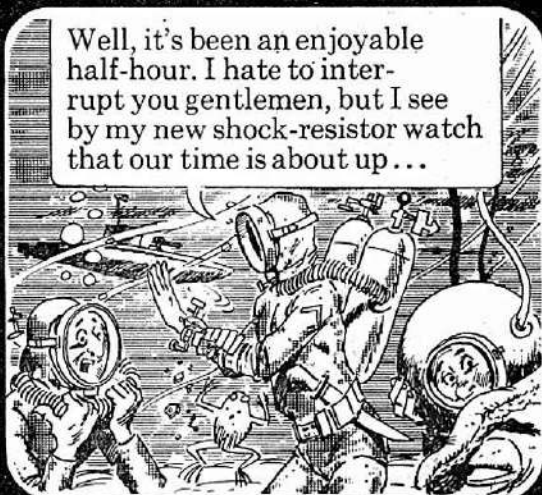


Mixed up Pocket Books



CASUAL FORMAT

THE LINE-UP



Every organization gives awards
for achievement. Since today
crime is organized, why not...

Awards From The Syndicate



1958

SUNSHINE AWARD

1958

THE CON MAN OF THE YEAR

Sharky Studd

For swindling 13 widows out of their life savings, and for issuing 5,796 shares of stock in uranium mines, bearer has distinguished himself with unparalleled feats of fraud and deception.

W. J. Edwards
PRESIDENT, RACKETEERS DIVISION
Charles H. Kelly
DEAN OF SWINDLERS








1958

SUNSHINE AWARD

1958

THE GUN MOLL OF THE YEAR

Flossie Snerd

For having lived with Angie the Ox in Kansas City for an entire year putting up with his idiosyncrasies and neuroses her faithfulness is hereby applauded.

Samuel Taylor
PRESIDENT, MISTRESSES DIVISION
Edith White








1958

SUNSHINE AWARD

1958

THE STOOL PIGEON OF THE YEAR

Jack Fink

For continually double crossing his friends and associates by informing the local authorities of their activities this award is posthumously presented to his widow.

John Fink
PRESIDENT, SQUEALERS DIVISION
W. J. Edwards
DIRECTOR OF FUNERALS








SUNDIQUATE

1958



AWARD



1958

THE MOST POPULAR HOODLUM OF THE YEAR

Handsome Harry

For his wholesome personality that has been responsible for the success of countless stickups that would have otherwise backfired without his understanding and moral support.




Miss M. Williams
PRESIDENT, ADVERTISING DIVISION

George Z. Wilson
SECRETARY OF FAN CLUBS





SUNDIQUATE

1958



AWARD

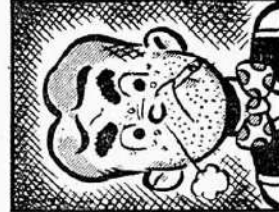
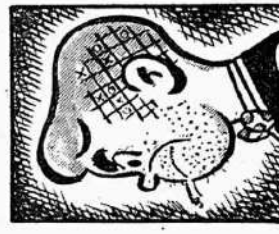


1958

THE JUVENILE DELINQUENT OF THE YEAR

Blackie Boy


For leading his teenage gang into winning street fights, successful back alley muggings and for skill and dexterity with a switch-blade knife above and beyond the call of killing.

Stanley M. Wilson
DIRECTOR OF MUGGING ACTIVITIES

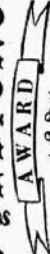
George B. Wilson
PRESIDENT, TEENAGE DIVISION






SUNDIQUATE

1958



AWARD

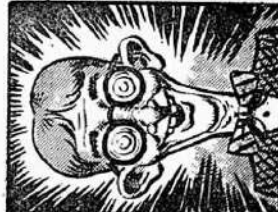



1958

THE JAYWALKER OF THE YEAR


Wilbur Clod


For continuously crossing against the light, thereby tying up traffic and causing collisions of 46 automobiles, among them a police car chasing a getaway sedan speeding away from a bank.

Belmont Wilson
PRESIDENT, ILLEGAL TRAFFIC DIVISION

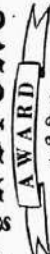
Chief Ticket Fixer






SUNDIQUATE

1958



AWARD





1958

THE CRIME OF THE YEAR


Sol The Ape

For committing the most heinous offense, the most rotten of crimes, the worst possible felony, the foulest of deeds, namely, for thinking up the idea of these awards.

Belmont Wilson
PRESIDENT, AWARDS DIVISION

George B. Wilson
WRITER OF THIS ARTICLE





SUNDIQUATE

1958

THE MOST PROMISING CRIMINAL OF THE YEAR

NICKIE THE KID

For rising from petty to grand larceny in only 2 months without formal training, showing natural aptitude for crime, marking him a potential future star gangster in the underworld.




1958




President, ROOVES DIVISION
W. J. J. J. J.

HEAD, NEW FACES DEPARTMENT
W. J. J. J. J.





SUNDIQUATE

1958

THE HORSETHIEF OF THE YEAR

Cowboy Max

For displaying extraordinary technique and amazing enthusiasm in a little known field the above has opened up a new outlet for lawbreakers everywhere.




1958




President, DIVISION OF BEASTS
W. J. J. J. J.

VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF CARNAGE
W. J. J. J. J.





SUNDIQUATE

1958


THE STICKUP MAN OF THE YEAR

Fingers McGurk

For successfully holding up 4 gas stations, 17 liquor stores, 39 banks and an unarmed used-clothes pushcart peddler, pulling jobs off with integrity, foresight and imagination.




1958

President, PENNY AND DIVISION
W. J. J. J. J.

CHAIRMAN, SHAKE DOWN COMMITTEE
W. J. J. J. J.





SUNDIQUATE

1958

THE CONVICT OF THE YEAR

179603872

For having spent the entire year in solitary confinement. Breaking all institutional rules thereby being voted the least cooperative inmate by his fellow convicts.



1958




HEAD OF THREE-TIME LOSERS SECTION
W. J. J. J. J.

PRESIDENT, STR DIVISION
W. J. J. J. J.



Love is a universal language. It's the same all over the world. Yet in proposing marriage, each nationality has its own individual way—which is indicative of that country as a whole. To show you what we mean, let's take a look at.....

HOW DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES MAKE MARRIAGE PROPOSALS

Katy... sit down... there's something I want to tell you... er... well, it's this way... um... there comes a time in every man's life... no, what I mean is... you know I don't make much... I mean... a fella gets tired of running around... no, that's not it... er... what I'm trying to say is... I mean, what I want to tell you is... er... um... er um... gosh ablazes!... WILL YOU MARRY ME?... there, I've said it... so will ya?... hah?... will ya,... hah... hah?...



THE AMERICAN

MA CHERIE ... (kiss) ... JE T'ADORE ...
(kiss) (kiss) (kiss) ... VOULEZ-... (kiss)
(kiss) (kiss) (kiss) ... VOUS... (kiss) (kiss)
(kiss) (kiss) (kiss) (kiss) ... MARRY... (kiss)
(kiss) (kiss) (kiss) (kiss) (kiss) (kiss) AVEC
(kiss) (kiss) (kiss) (kiss) (kiss) (kiss)
(kiss) (kiss) (kiss) (kiss) (kiss) (kiss)
(kiss) MOI (kiss) (kiss) (kiss) (kiss) (kiss)
(kiss) (kiss) (kiss) (kiss) (kiss) (kiss)
(kiss) (kiss) (kiss) (kiss) ?



THE FRENCHMAN

I say, Catherine, old girl. We've been seeing each other seventeen years now. About time we had a little chat, what? Frightfully absent-minded of me not to have thought of it before, but perhaps it might be a rather jolly idea to get married. You know, a house, a garden, children and all that rot. Sounds positively bully, what? Take your time, my pet. I shant need an answer till a fortnight. Meanwhile, what say to a spot of tea? Beastly chilly weather, what?...



THE ENGLISHMAN

Kathleen, me bonnie lass. As ye well know, we hae been courtin' furr nigh on five year now. Prices bein' wha' they are — two con live as cheaply as one. Therefurr, I think t'would be a consid'rble savin' furr both of us if we went an' got morried. Besides, the tax laws they hae nowadays will make it wort' our while. So wha' I'm askin' of ye, me fair maid'n, is will ye hae me furr ye husband? Now, don't ye be wastin' words. Just answer yea, or no...



THE SCOTCHMAN

Katina mia, een a leetle while I take my siesta (yawn) but before eet hoppen, I wan' to osk you something (yawn) you know I don' hov mucho dinero (yawn) but I'm pretty good mon an' con take care of woman (yawn) thees is wha' I wan' (yawn) marry weet me (yawn) soon we hov nice l'il house weet mucho bambinos (yawn) an' when everyting quiet down I go get job (yawn) we weel be hoppy (yawn) een 'bout holf an hour wake me up an' (yawn) geev me your onser (zzzzzz)



THE MEXICAN

Shh-h! Katrinka, keep it low. There are spies everywhere. If the NKVD ever found out we fell in love, we would end up in Siberia. I know it's just a cheap bourgeois emotion fed to the working class by imperialistic Capitalists, but I can't help the way I feel. I wish I could take you out of the fields and we can get a little collective borscht farm in the country. Let's get secretly married. We can try it on the five-year plan. So help me, Lenin, I love you. Shh-h! Answer by shaking your head...

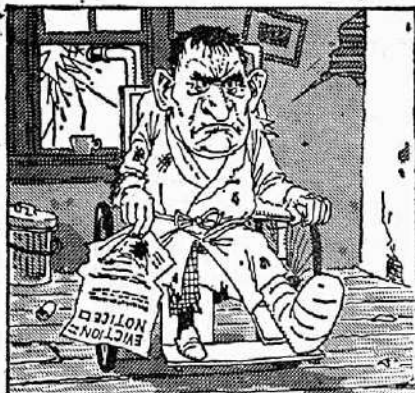


THE RUSSIAN

An Introvert likes to be by himself. An Extrovert likes to mix with other people. To determine just how far out YOU are, take this simple test, and ...

RATE YOUR

ARE YOU AN INTROVERT?



Do you brood inwardly over every little thing?

Yes [] No []



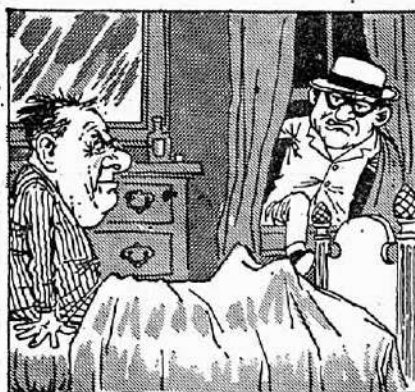
Do you seem unable to function well in groups?

Yes [] No []



Do you have difficulty relating to strangers?

Yes [] No []



Do you hate intrusion of others on your privacy?

Yes [] No []



Do you feel inhibited in releasing your emotions?

Yes [] No []



Do you dislike being the center of attraction?

Yes [] No []



Do you feel nervous and uneasy moving in crowds?

Yes [] No []



Do people have to coax you into joining the fun?

Yes [] No []

SCORE YOURSELF

(Turn over on other side or stand on head to read)

If you answered 3 of these questions "YES," this means you have a slightly introverted personality. If you answered 5 of these questions "YES," this means you are in a world by yourself. If you answered all of these questions "YES," this means you are really a sad case—cause you don't take NO for an answer.

ARE YOU AN INTROVERT?

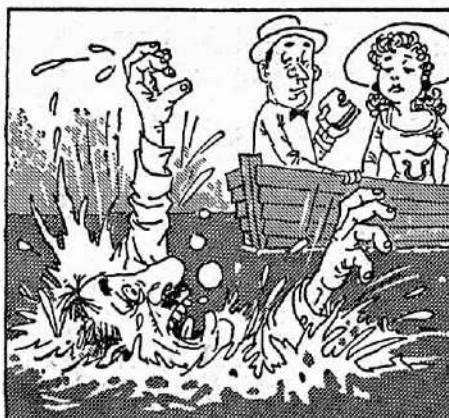
PERSONALITY

ARE YOU AN EXTROVERT?



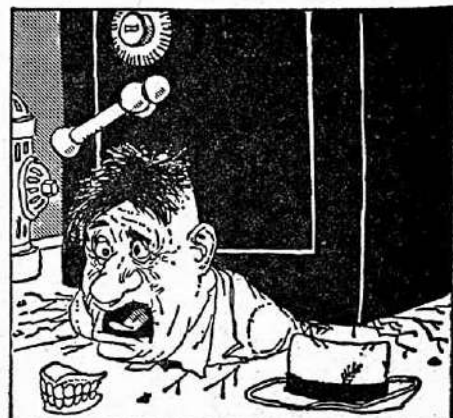
Do you become restless when you're by yourself?

Yes [] No []



Do you usually seek to attract attention?

Yes [] No []



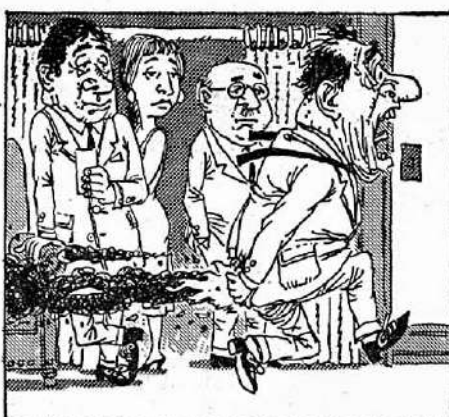
Do you insist on having an audience?

Yes [] No []



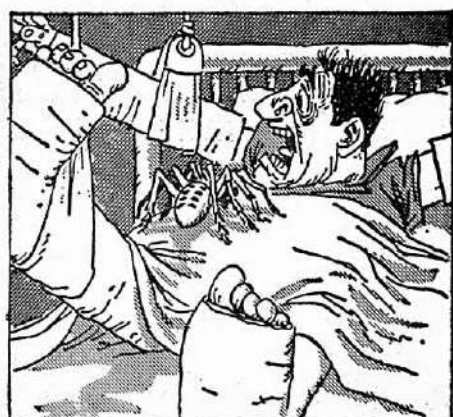
Do you seem to make friends easily?

Yes [] No []



Do you tend toward showing off at parties?

Yes [] No []



Do you always need people around you?

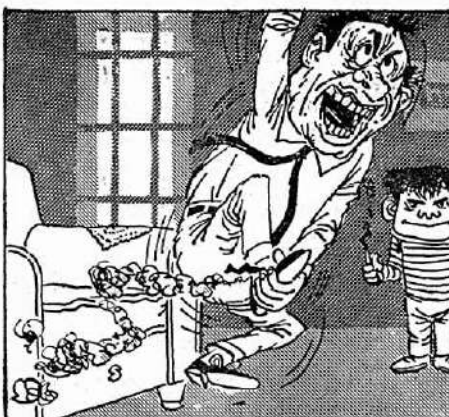
Yes [] No []

SCORE YOURSELF

(Turn over on other side or stand on head to read)

If you answered 3 of these questions "YES," this means you have a slightly extroverted personality. If you answered 5 of these questions "YES," this means you are pretty far out. If you answered 9 of these questions "YES," this means you are way out—mainly because there are only 8 questions.

ARE YOU AN EXTROVERT?



Do you have an open and assertive personality?

Yes [] No []



Do you genuinely like to mix with people?

Yes [] No []

Since they gotta grow up and live in this realistic world of ours, we figure we might as well condition our kids early, by starting them off on these...

Realistic

COPS AND ROBBERS



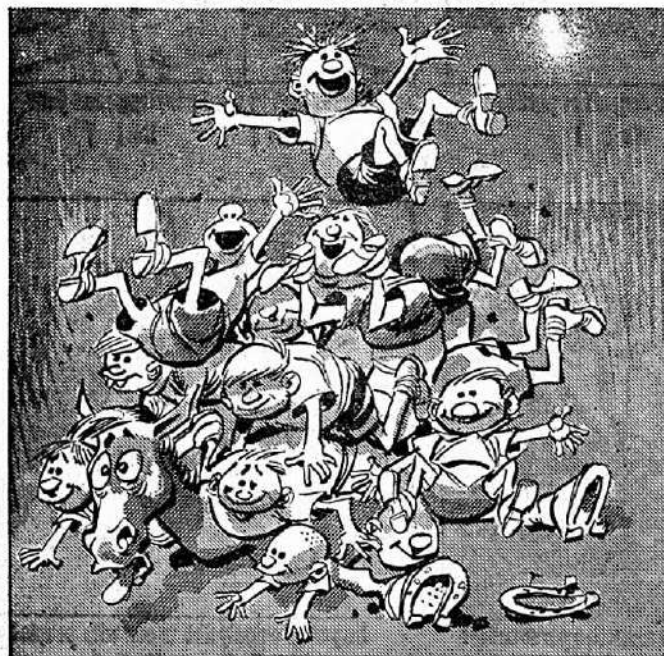
(WITH REAL COPS)

HOP SCOTCH



(WITH REAL SCOTCH)

JOHNNY ON A PONY



(WITH A REAL PONY)

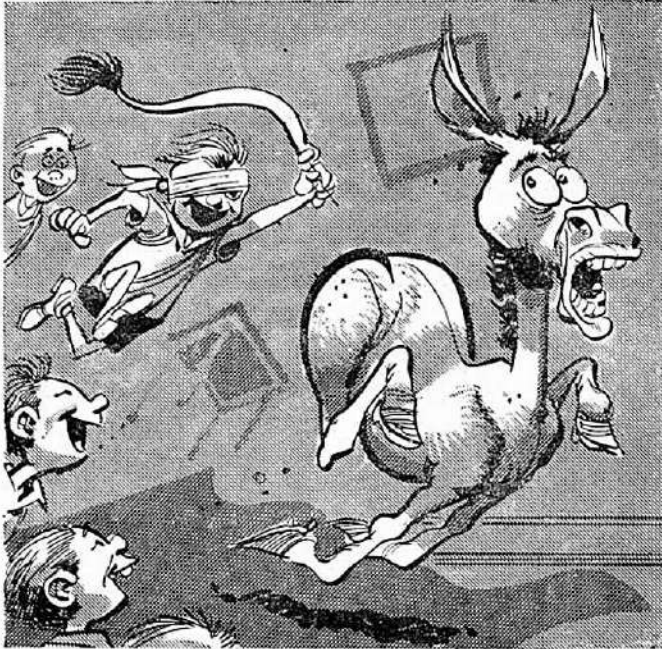
MONOPOLY



(WITH REAL MONEY)

Children's Games

PIN THE TAIL ON THE DONKEY



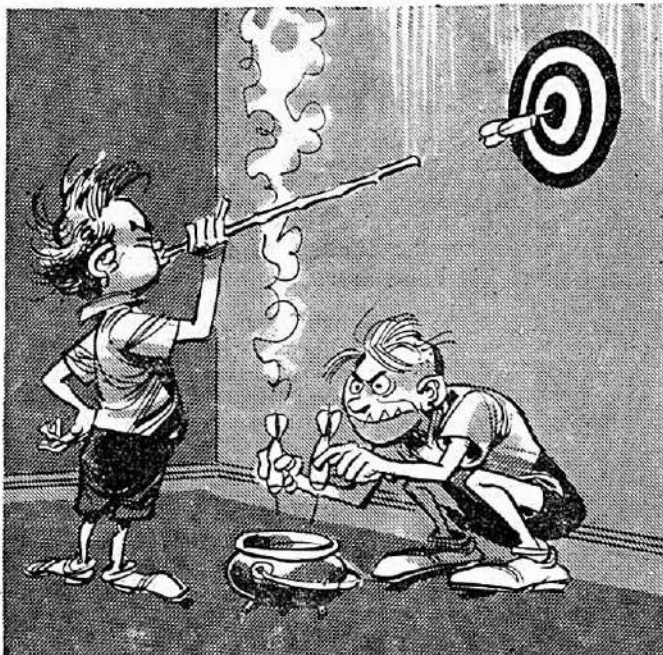
(WITH A REAL DONKEY)

BLIND MAN'S BLUFF



(WITH A REAL BLIND MAN)

DART THROWING



(WITH POISON DARTS)

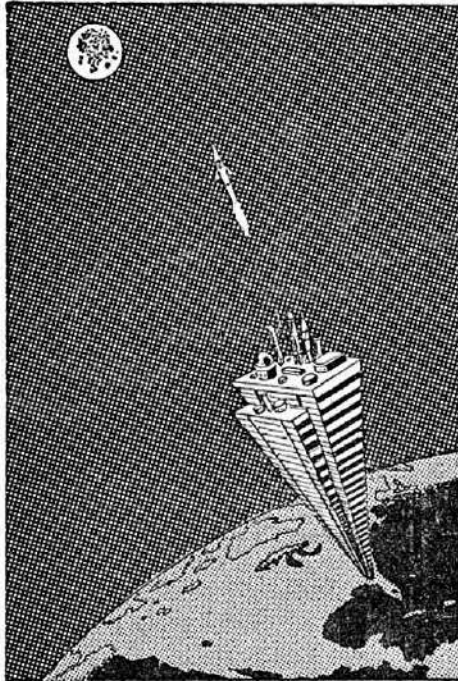
HIDE AND SEEK



(WITH REAL HIDES)

ARCHITECTURE

By Frank Lloyd Wrong

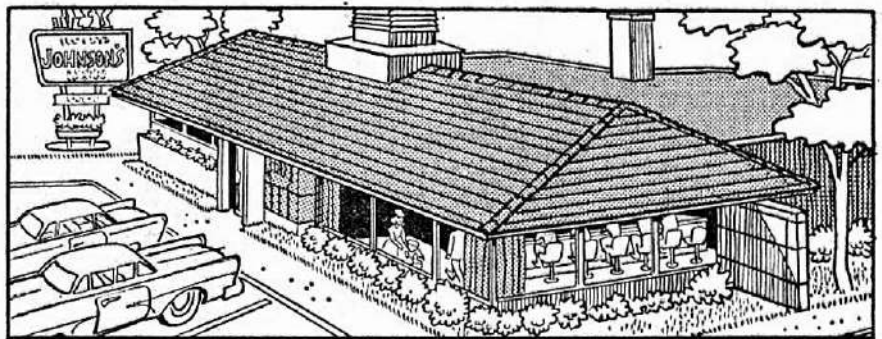


Our idea for functional design would be to extend Mr. Wrong's mile high skyscraper even higher—use it for launching a rocket to the moon...

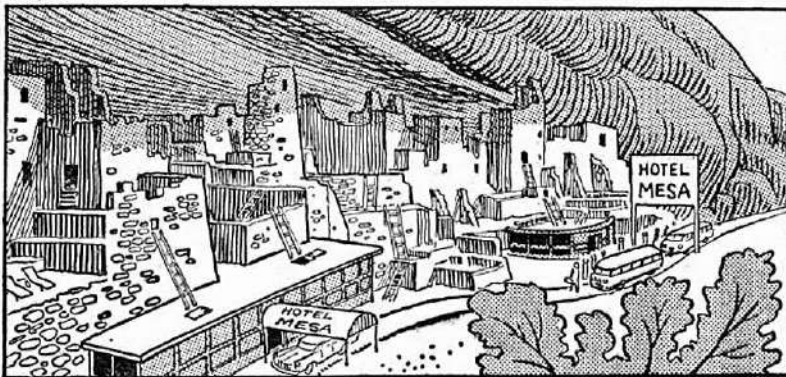
"Architecture today is stagnant, and should get away from the prosaic traditions and aim for better design, for function, environment and personality."

So says Mr. Wrong. O.K. If that's the case we have a few ideas of our own... They would fall into these categories...

1. **Functional Design:** In other words a plan that's practical!
2. **Natural Environment:** This means a helpful surrounding
3. **Personality:** Self identification would be smart.

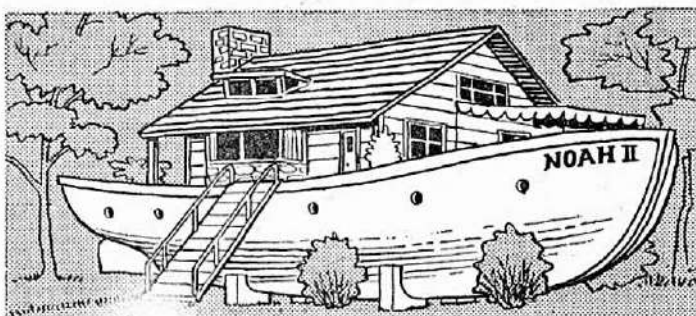


We think this is an excellent design for function that's paying off... the home of Mr. H. Johnson which was easily converted to become a popular road side restaurant.

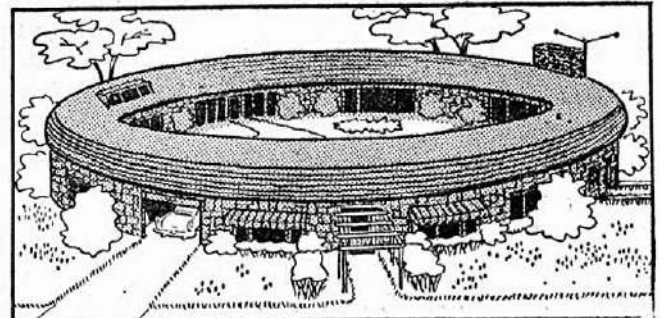


Now here is a good idea for natural environment... Natural living all year round!

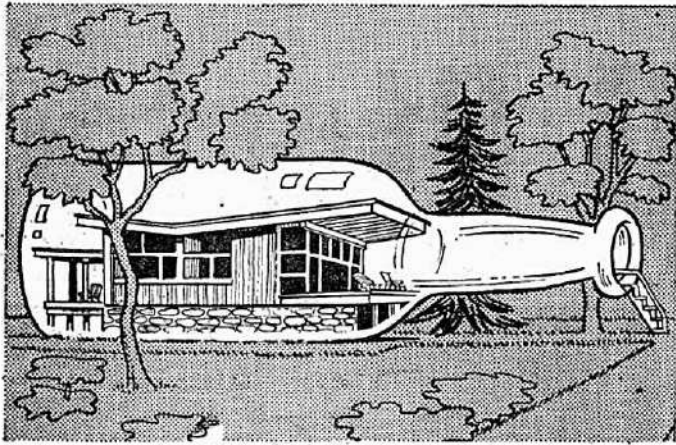
HOMES PLANNED TO FIT THE INDIVIDUAL WHO LIKES TO DWELL IN A LIVING MONUMENT TO HIS EGO AND PROFESSION



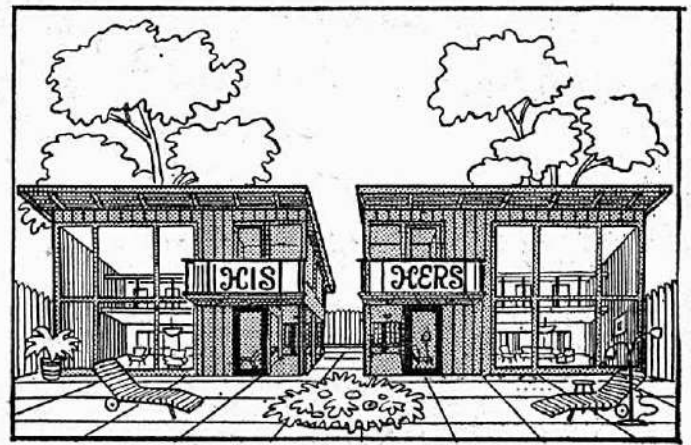
Home of a weather expert



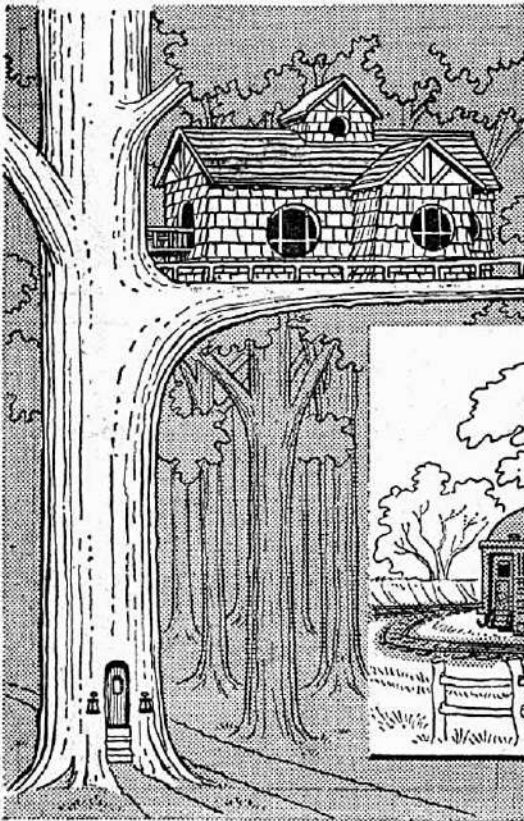
Designed for retired elevator tycoon.



House plan for retired sea captain



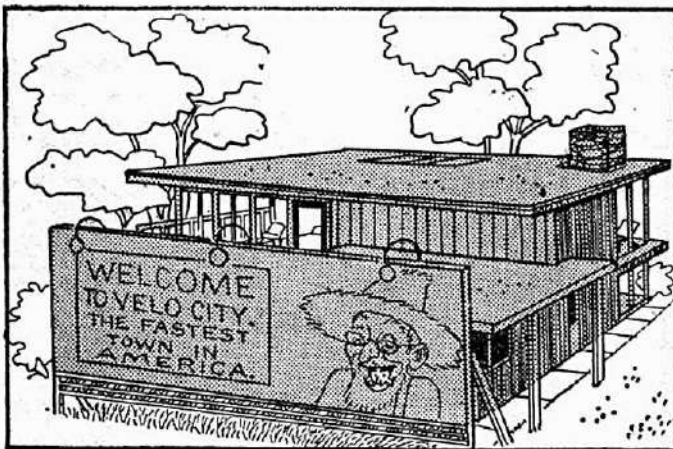
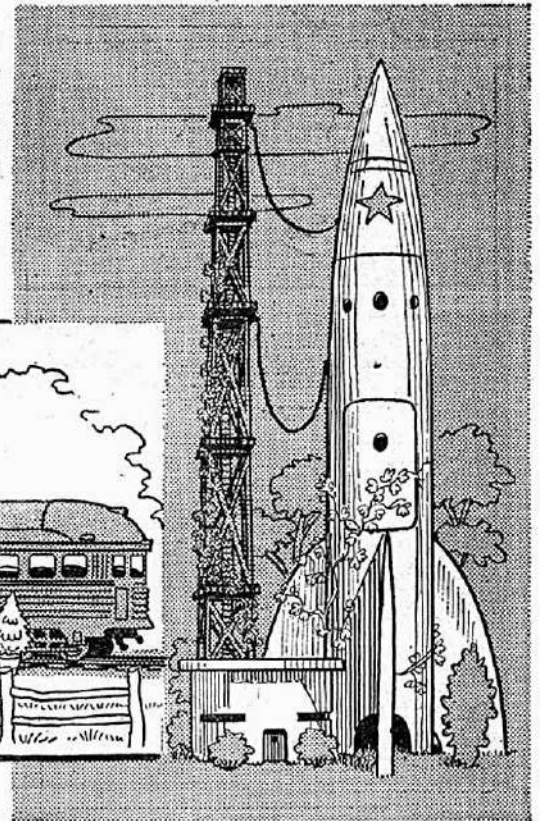
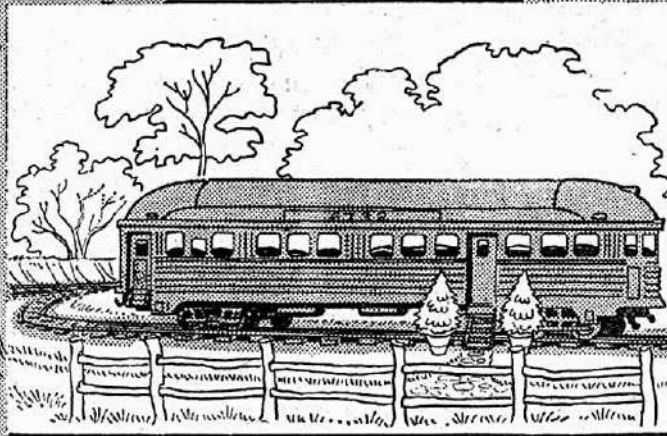
Popular design for happily married Hollywood couple.



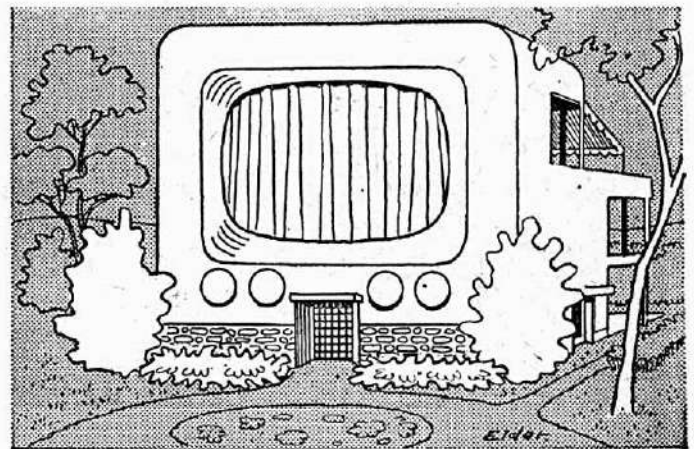
Daring design planned for an air corp general.

Not popular but useful for Russian statesman

Very practical for the Madison Avenue late commuter.



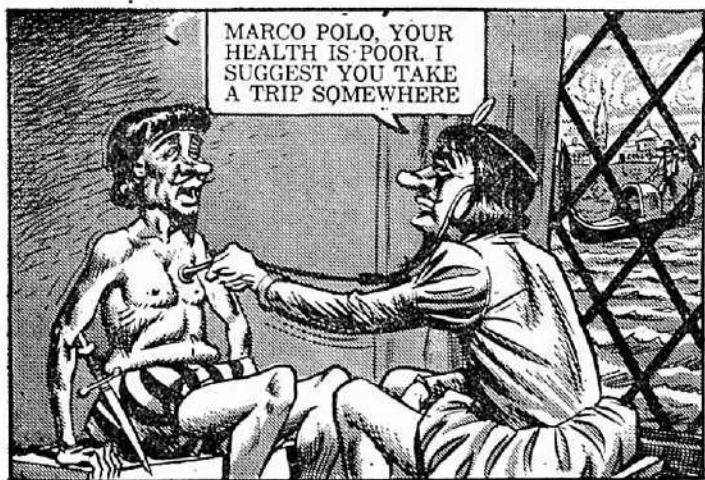
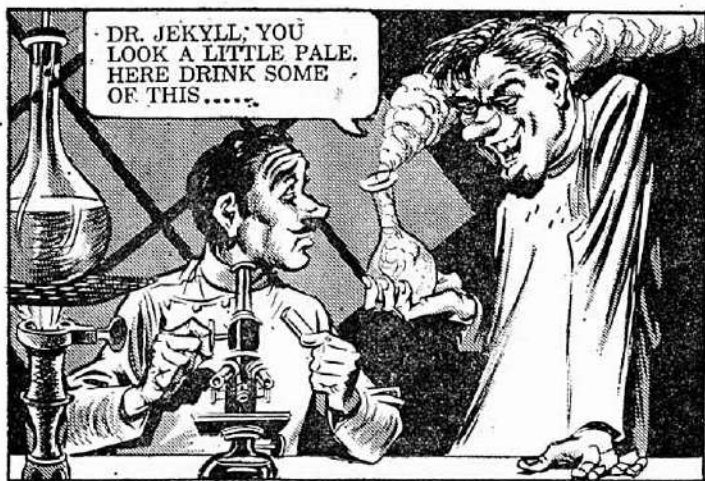
This home was requested by a sharp-eyed highway cop!



A great symbol for success—a cowboy star!

CRACKED takes you back to...

When it all Started

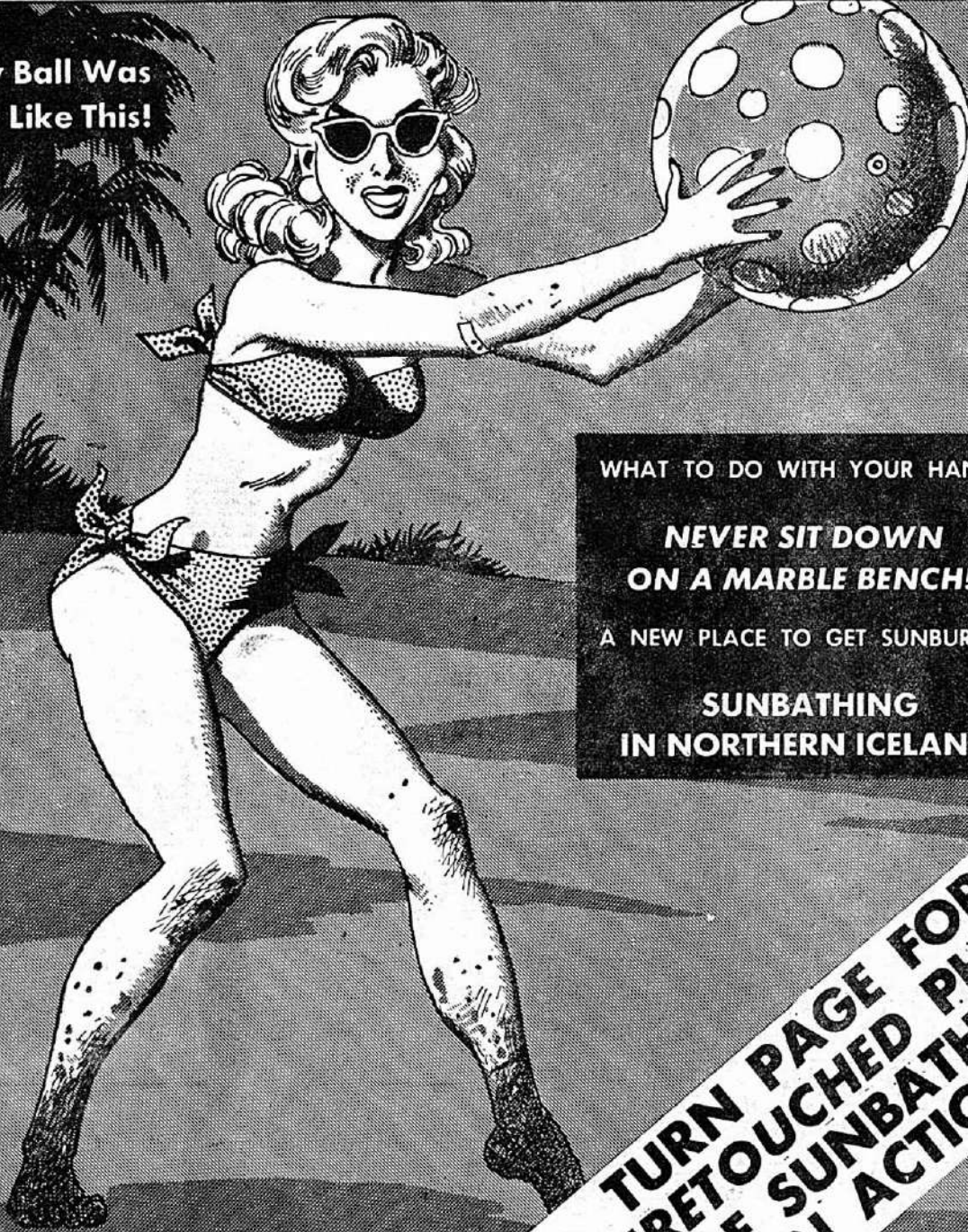


Here's a magazine you sometimes find in an obscure spot on the newsstand and we thought you readers might be

interested in seeing what it looks like in the open—a magazine called—

SUNSHINE HEALTHY

**Volley Ball Was
Never Like This!**



WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR HANDS!

**NEVER SIT DOWN
ON A MARBLE BENCH!**

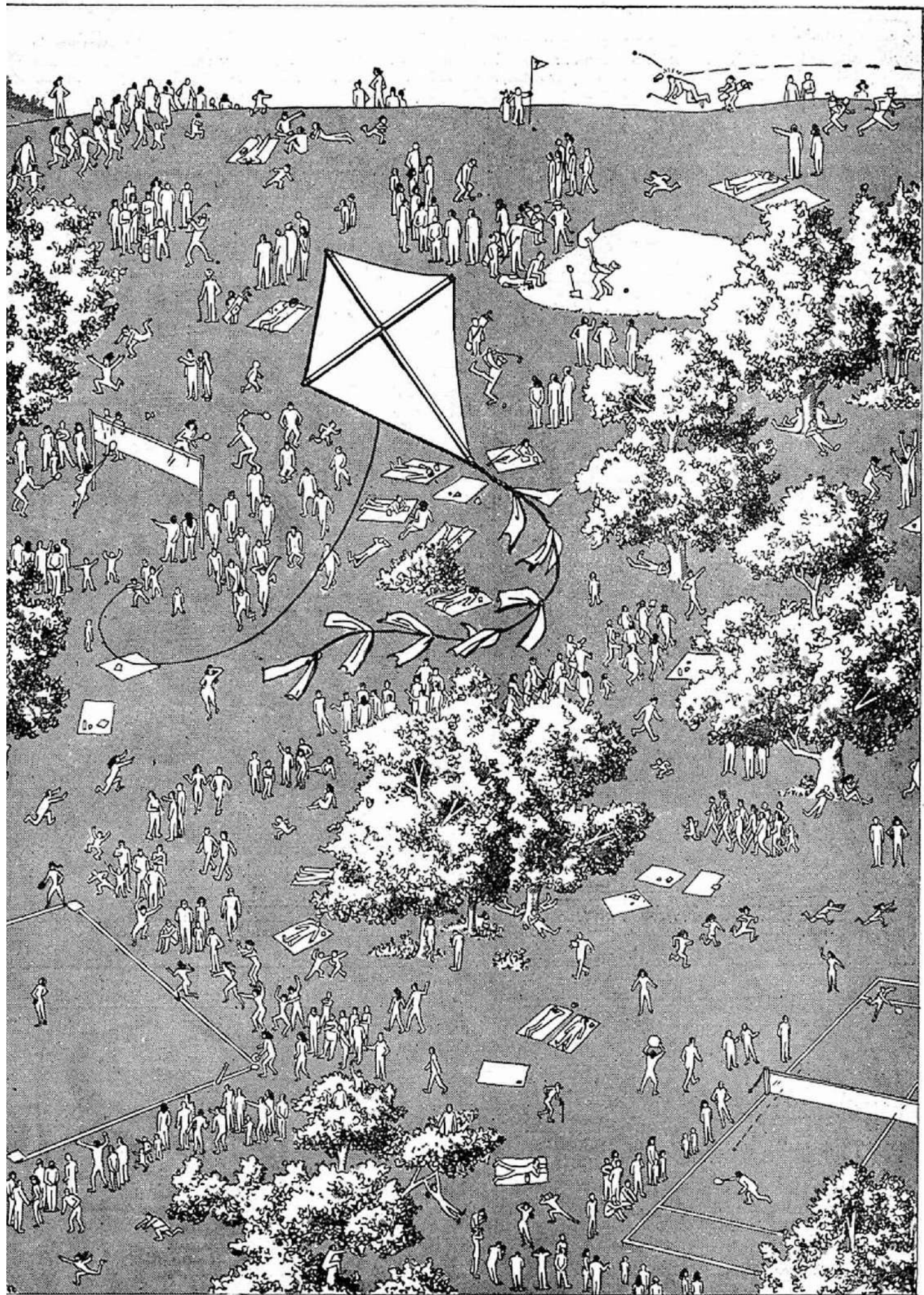
A NEW PLACE TO GET SUNBURNED

**SUNBATHING
IN NORTHERN ICELAND!**

**TURN PAGE FOR
UNRETOUCHED PHOTO
OF SUNBATHERS
IN ACTION!**

SEVERIN

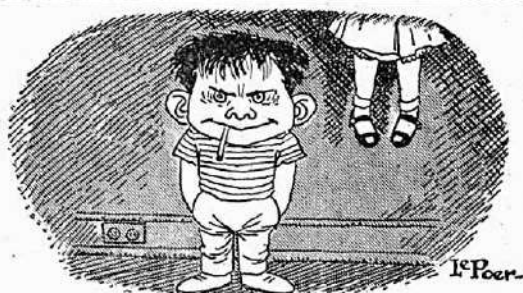




Today the big thing in humor is the "Sick Joke." Many people however, think that this is a recent phenomena in American culture. But like "Sick Jokes" are nothing new in our society.

The 'Little Willie' verses, written over fifty years ago, were really the very first "sick jokes." And so we thought maybe you'd like to hear what your grandparents used to laugh at, as CRACKED

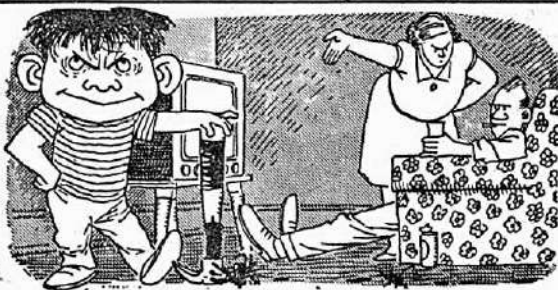
ILLUSTRATED Little Willies



Little Willie hung his sister;
She was dead before we missed her.
"Willie's always up to tricks.
Ain't he cute? He's only six!"



Willie's cute as cute can be!
Beneath his brother, only three,
He lit a stick of dynamite.
Now Bubby's simply out of sight!



Willie split the baby's head,
To see if brains were grey or red.
Mother, troubled, said to father,
"Children are an awful bother!"



Little Willie, mirror gazer,
Found a use for papa's razor;
Sister razzed, "Too young to shave!"
Now they're digging sister's grave.



Willie and two other brats
Licked up all the Rough-on-rats.
Father said, when mother cried,
"Never mind—they'll die outside."



Willie on the railroad track—
The engine gave a squeal.
The engineer just took a spade
And scraped him off the wheel.



Into the well our little Willie
Pushed his baby sister Lily.
Mother couldn't find her daughter:
Now we sterilize our water.



Willie heard his sisters' scream,
So he threw them in the stream,
Saying, as he drowned the third,
"Children should be seen, not heard!"



Little Willie, with father's gun,
Punctured grandma, just for fun.
Mother frowned at the merry lad:
It was the last shell father had.



Pity now poor Mary Dillie,
Blinded by her brother Willie.
Red hot nails in her eyes he poked—
I never saw Mary more provoked!



Willie poisoned his father's tea;
Father died in agony.
Mother came, and looked quite vexed:
"Really, Will," she said, "what next?"



Willie fell down the elevator—
Wasn't found till six days later.
Then the neighbors sniffed, "Gee whizz!
What a spoiled child Willie is!"



Willie in the cauldron fell;
See the grief on mother's brow!
Mother loved her darling well;
Darling's quite hard-boiled by now.



Willie saw some dynamite,
Couldn't understand it quite.
Curiosity never pays;
It rained Willie seven days.

Hey, Gang! For those of you who always wanted to draw for a magazine—here's your chance! Run out and get some pen and ink and fill in these blank panels. We cleverly supplied the dialogue. Impress your friends that you draw for us with these.....

DO-IT-

ALCOHOLIC WARD

Take 'em away!
YIPE!!! They're
all around me!!

My! That's something, Her-
man! An elephant carrying
a tiger on his back crawling
sideways thru the trees fol-
lowed by a pygmy bushman
riding a wooly rhinoceros!

Send out the
alert, General!
The Martians
are all around
us! Here they
come!

I've
never
done
this
before
.....

HALL OF SCIENCE

This, ladies and
gentlemen, is a
genuine electronic
Zichaclasmatron!

Gee! This view of
the Grand Canyon is
breathtaking, Henry!

YOURSELF CARTOONS

No! Don't come any closer!
That face! It's horrible...
It's ghastlyNo!
AAAARRRGGGHHWW...

Relax, Baby!
You're tense!

You sure
we're doing
the right thing?

Wha-a?

HELP!

So you're
the editor
of this
magazine!

STORY OF THE MONTH...

Sol! You look terrible! What happened?

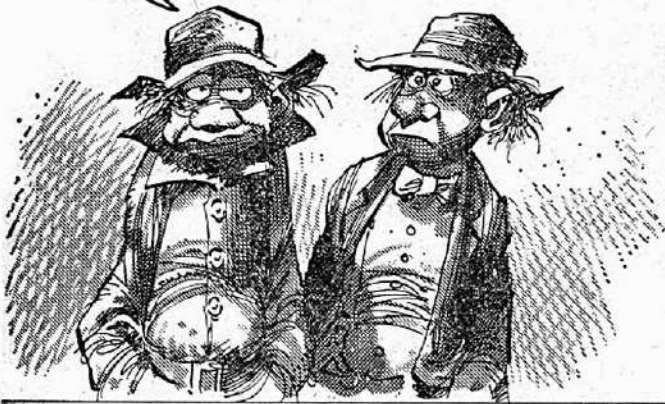
It's like this. Yesterday I lost my job. I was down to my last two dollars so I went to the race track ...



I put the two dollars on a long shot. He came in first. I won a hundred dollars. On a hunch I took the hundred and put it on a long shot in the second race. This horse also won. Now I had five hundred dollars ...



I felt it was my lucky day. So I bet on the long shots in the next three races. They all won. Soon I had TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS. There was just one more race. I figured I'd go all the way. So I put the whole thing on a fifty-to-one shot ...



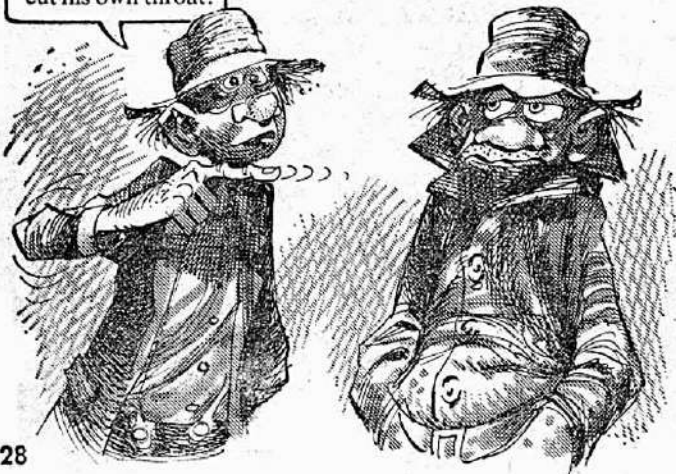
What happened?

The horse came in second!



My gosh! That's enough to make a man want to cut his own throat!

Yeah? ...



Look!



For you students of the civil war we present an unusual article that we dug up from the historical museum Washington, D.C. (dug up out of their disposal can.) The pictures and facts are true and can be proven true

by well known historian Matthew Siemore Brady, that is if you can find him. Anyway this article should stir you up enough to keep saving your confederate money for more research in . . .

CIVIL WAR FACTS

General Thomas Jackson was one of the South's greatest generals. He was always right in the thick of battle giving his men courage to fight on and on.

Lookee Boys!
Be of stout heart!
Thar stands
Jackson like
a stone wall!



And that dear friends is how "Stonewall" Jackson got his nickname—what a great mason!



General Tecumseh Sherman, USA, experienced many hardships of the war: No USO's, bad mail service, plenty of spam, no passes, no plumbing. All this gave him his famous saying, "War is hell."



The first battle of the Monitor and the Merrimac occurred in back of P.S. 47 between the school monitor and Melvin Merrimac. The monitor limped home with a bloody nose.



Pickett at Gettysburg

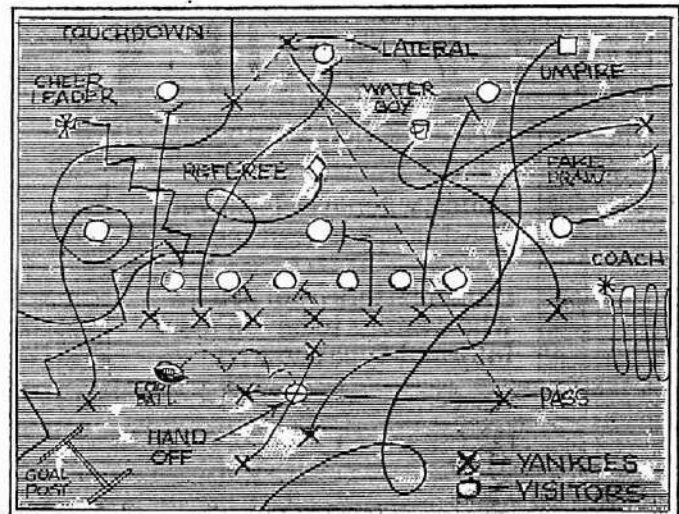
This is a rare shot of General Richard Stoddart Ewell, USA with his hat off giving easy reason to why his men called him "Old Bald Eagle."



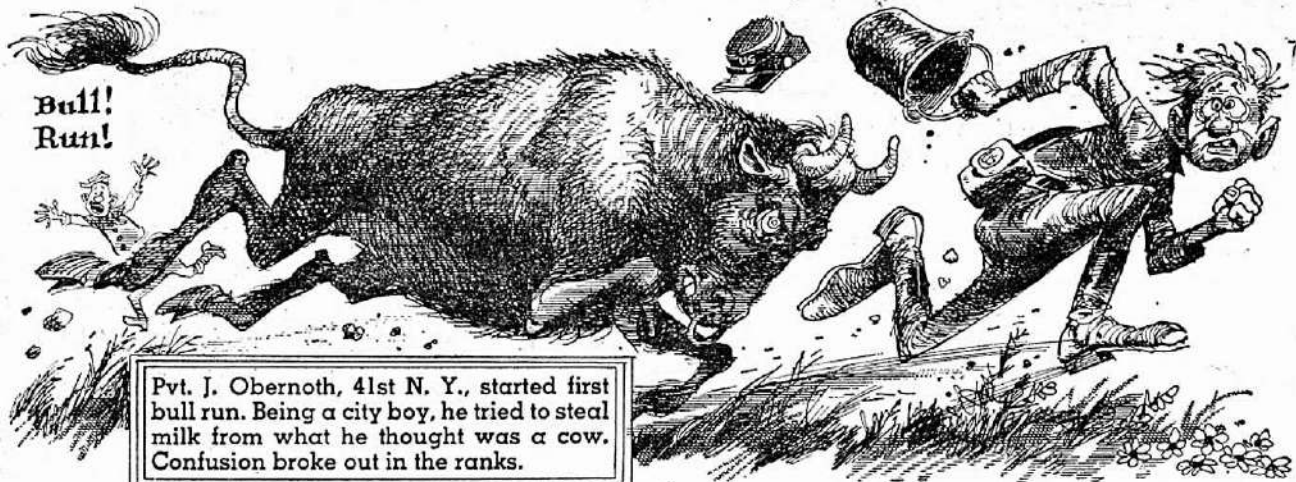
Due to a shortage of space in laying out this page, we found a perpendicular picture of General Grant that could be put to use. Grant was known to be a heavy consumer and this position seems to capture what we have said.



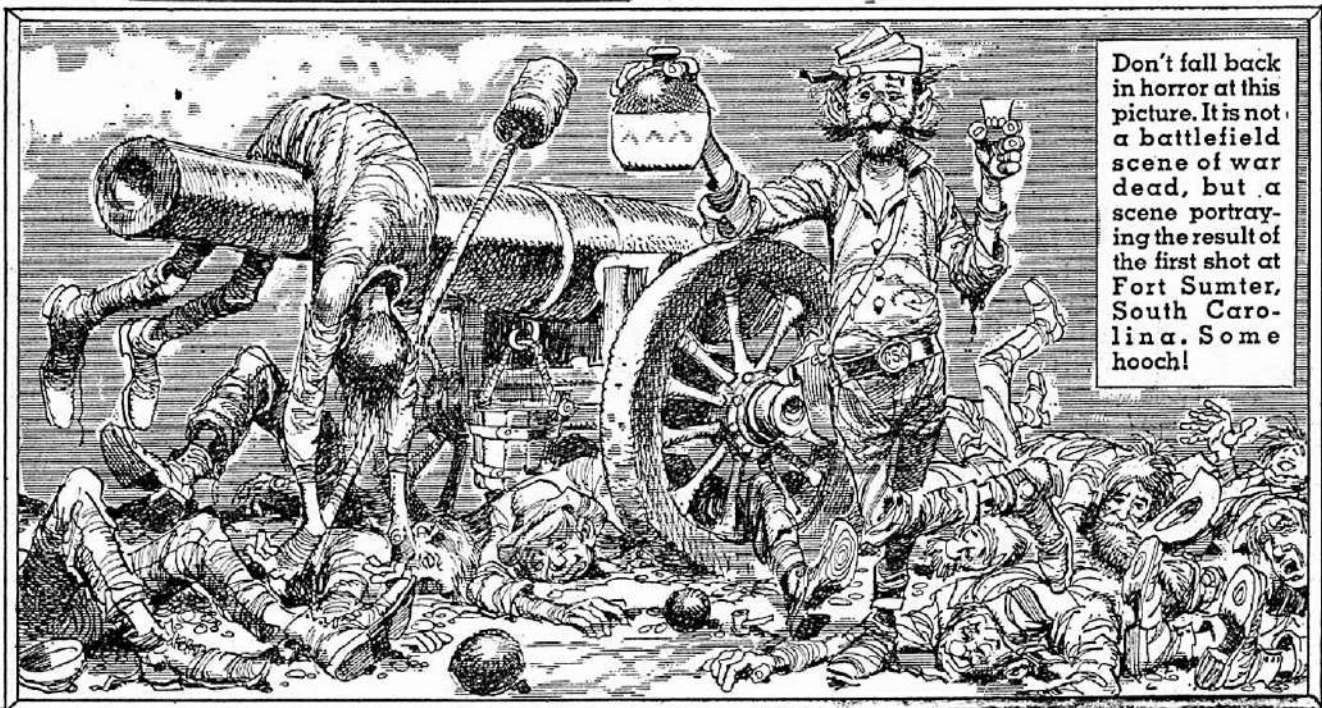
You remember Molly Pitcher from the Revolutionary War? Well this is a shot of Molly's granddaughter doing her bit for the Yanks.



This offensive plan by the Yankees turned out to be really offensive. Their attack plan was so weak, the personnel so incompetent, that they broke up in horrible defeat. Yankee pro football team that is.



Pvt. J. Obernoth, 41st N. Y., started first bull run. Being a city boy, he tried to steal milk from what he thought was a cow. Confusion broke out in the ranks.



Don't fall back in horror at this picture. It is not a battlefield scene of war dead, but a scene portraying the result of the first shot at Fort Sumter, South Carolina. Some hooch!

MORE CASUAL FORMAT

SEA HUNT

Fellas, whenever I ask you questions, you're standing up. This makes you tense. We get a lot of letters from people who want us to have a more informal-type show...



So tonight I'm going to ask you guys to sit down and relax. Just tell us your stories in your own way and in your own time. This way we'll get to know each other a lot better



I'm Angie the Ox. I'm a tree-time loser here on a boiglary rap. But I didn't do it. I can prove I was in K.C. holdin' up a bank at de same time!



I'm Lennie the Lug up here for a liquor store heist — but I didn't kill the owner. I only shot him. Never meant to hit him. Didn't think I would — always did have lousy aim!



I'm Irving the Clod. I don't know from nothing. I came with Lennie the Lug. Whatever you pulled me in for I'm not guilty — and I got 15 witnesses to back me up.



I'm Melvin the Writer. They got me in here for writing this article. But I can swear I didn't do it. You see, I stole it...

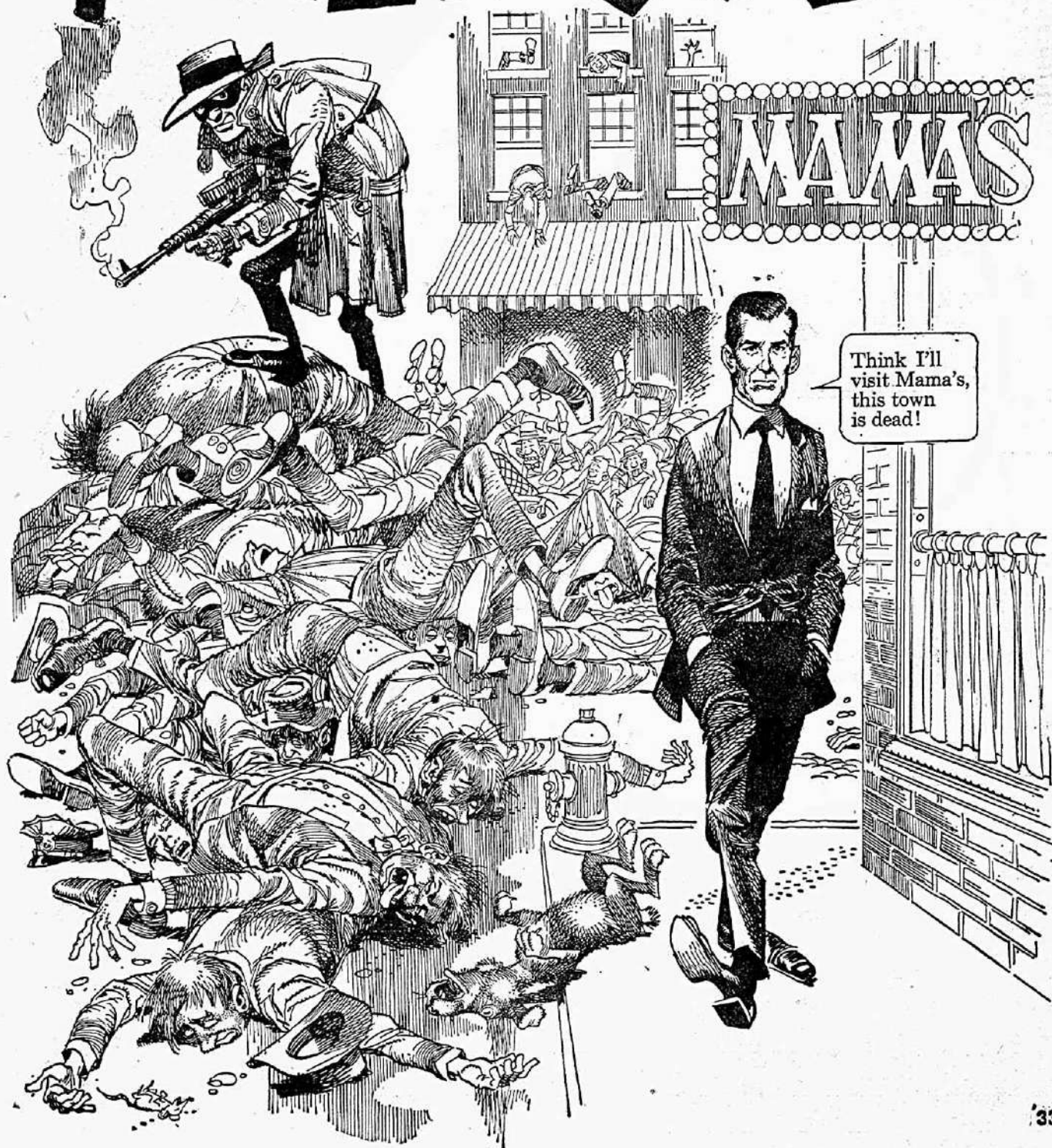
That's the man!



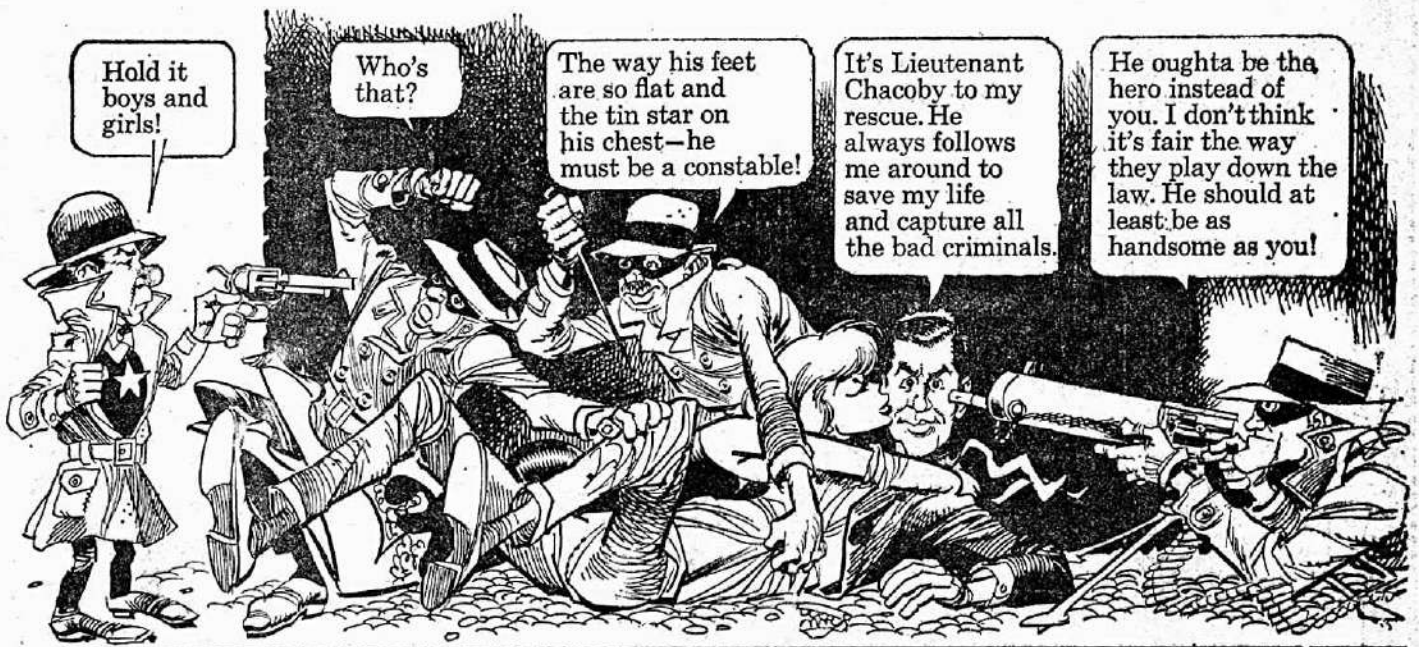
Man! You like jazz? Well here's the jazziest TV show to ever hit up against your TV tube, it packs violence, sex, murder, arson, treachery, indemnity, black mail, horror and stuff

like that. If the plot gets dull you close your eyes sit back and listen to jazz music in the background. The title? What else but the name of the star of the show ...

PETER GOON







Removing their disguises you find Matt Dilenger and his side kicks, Miss Kitty Kat, Chesty, and Doc, from the TV show "Gun Smoking." They were afraid my TV rating might over take theirs! Take them away Chacoby!



Everybody has heard about "Beatnik" parties. They're supposed to be very wild and very intellectual. The conversation is supposed to be stimulating and profound. So like we sent our roving

reporter over to a recent "Beat" party and told him to take down a typical conversation, word for word. This is what he overheard, in an article we call . . .

Beatnik goes to a party



Hey, man!
Haven't seen
you around.
Like what's
been happening?



Everything's cool, Pops!
Reai crazy. Still makin'
it with what's her name?

No, Dad! I'm thru with
that chick. She was a
drag. How about you an' . . .



Man! She cut
out long ago!
Like I found
out she had
eyes for . . .

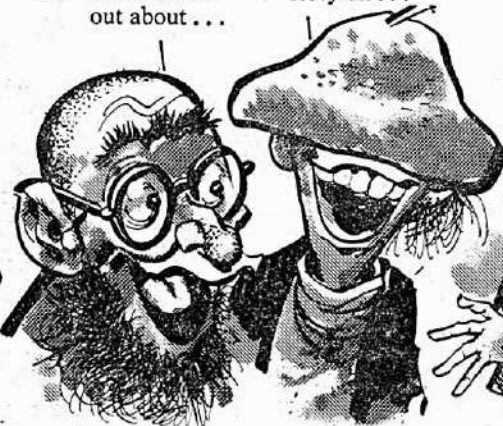
That cat? What
some chicks will
dig! Like, have
you been to . . .

Made the scene
last night! But
there's more action
over at the . . .



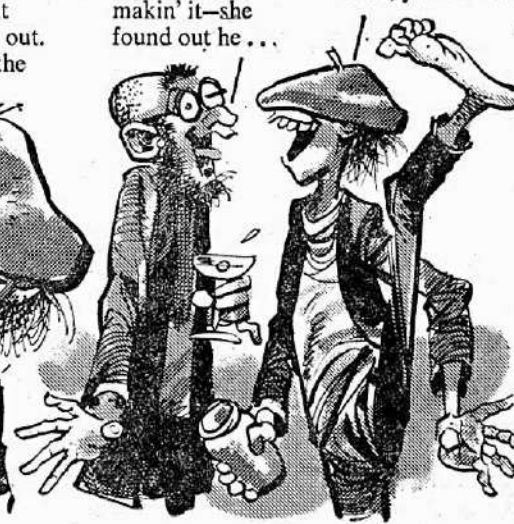
Not any
more. Not
since old
man whatcha
call it found
out about . . .

I thought
they had that
straightened out.
Say, what's the
story on . . .



They're not
makin' it—she
found out he . . .

He's off that
stuff! Tell me
Dad, you still . . .



I quit that gig!
No loot. Now you
can find me at ...

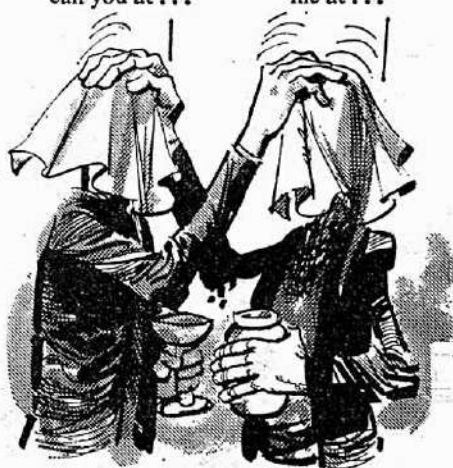
Never go there!
Place is full of
creeps. Know who
I saw there? The ...

That was his
brother! He
was picked up
for ...

He'll beat that
rap! Like I know
of a same case ...

That was diff-
erent! Listen, like
I'm gonna split. I'll
call you at ...

That number's
been changed!
You can reach
me at ...

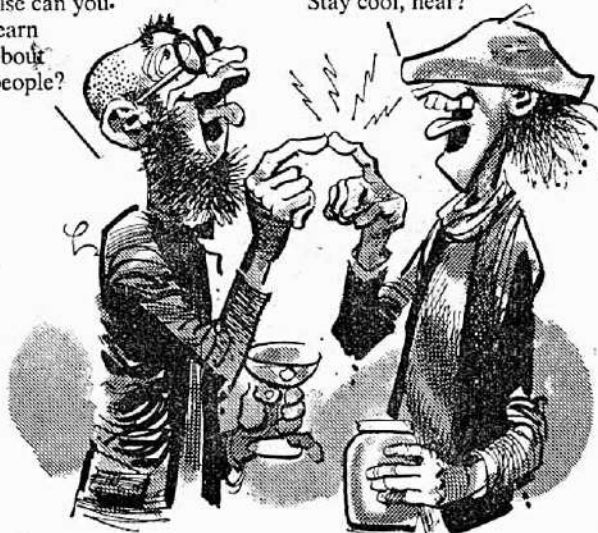


Right! Well nice talking
to you, Pops. I figure like
we gotta socialize. How
else can you
learn
about
people?

Yeah, Dad! Glad
you could fill me
in on them details!
Stay cool, hear?

Man! Wonder
who that cat was?

Gadzooks! The
wierdos you
find at parties



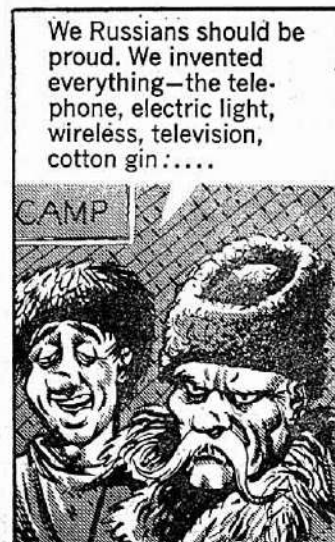
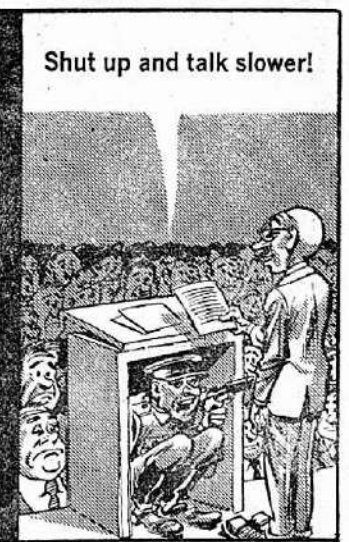
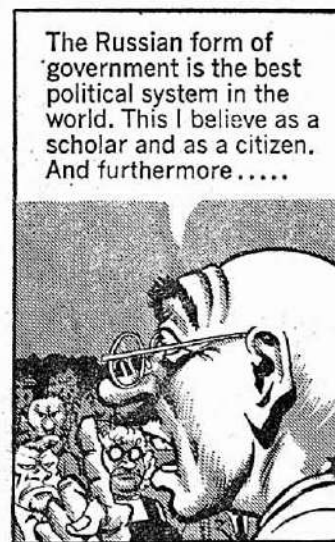
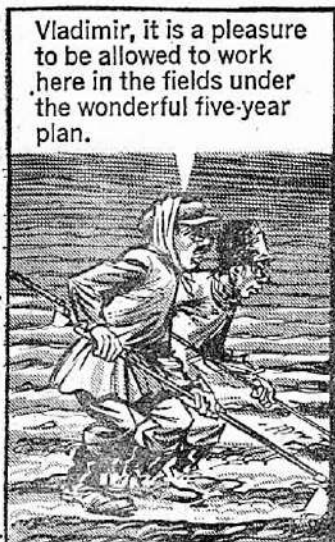
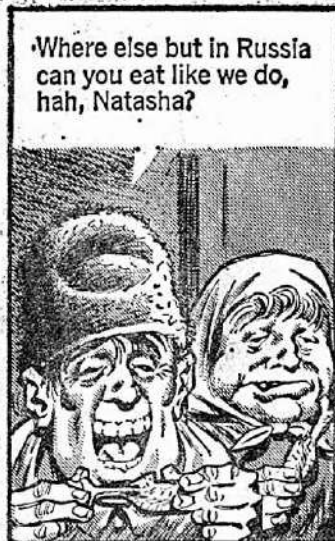
Hey there!

Howdy boy!



Because of its publicity in *Cracked*, shut-ups have become very popular all over the world—even behind the iron curtain, as witnessed by the English translation* of these

RUSSIAN SHUT-UPS



They call him "Mister Nice Guy." His TV show always tops the rating lists. He's one of the most popular and best liked people in the country. Nobody has ever said an unkind thing about him. Now, this is not one of those

expose type magazines, but when we get certain important information, until now known to no one, we feel it is our duty to pass it on to our readers. It so happens that we have irrefutable evidence that...

PERRY COMA IS A FRAUD!

PERRY COMA IS A LIAR



Because he is a former barber who made good as a singer, Coma encourages other barbers to become successful in other fields, so that they too can settle down in a big house and lead quiet, happy lives.



FACT: One barber we know took his advice and he hasn't stopped traveling in five years.

PERRY COMA IS NERVOUS



Coma is supposed to be the most relaxed man on TV. He is so relaxed, they say, that he sometimes falls asleep in the middle of his show. They say he never raises his voice or gets flustered. They also say he never bites his finger nails.

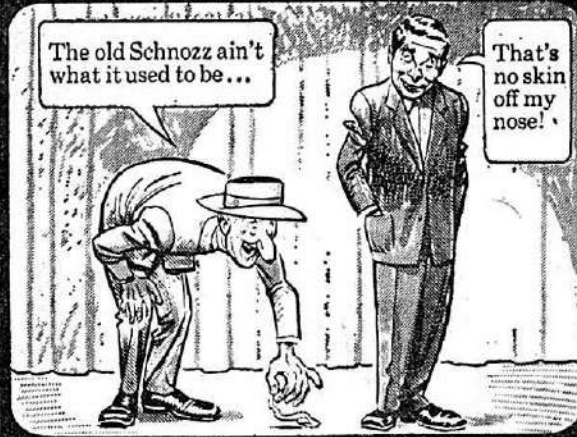


FACT: True, he never bites his finger nails. But did you ever see his toes?

PERRY COMA IS SELFISH



One of Coma's habits is to rub the side of his nose with his finger. He does this constantly. This is supposed to be an example of his naturalness, his lack of pomposity, his compassion for his fellow man.

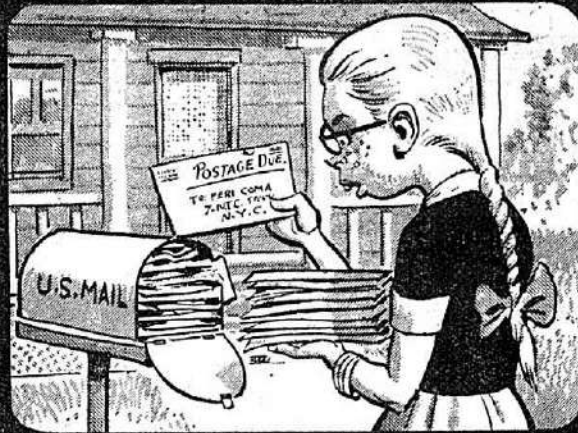


FACT: If a statement like that isn't an example of selfishness, what is?

PERRY COMA IS A TIGHTWAD



Coma makes a habit of singing songs his listeners request in the mail. This is supposed to indicate that he is a generous guy.



FACT: On October 15th, Miss Birdie Zinn, of Mamaroneck, N. Y., mailed her favorite song, "Who's The Little Chatterbox?" to Coma. Unaware that postal rates had gone up, she affixed a 3¢ stamp to the envelope. She got the letter back unopened. Do we have to tell you who refused to pay the extra penny?

PERRY COMA CAUSES RECESSIONS



Coma tries to pass himself off as economy-minded, a guy who can have a good time without extravagances. Hence, he often does duets with guests on plain, unadorned stools.



FACT: Since the Coma program has been on TV, 75 million Coma fans have furnished their homes with nothing but stools, putting Calvin Castroe, the nation's leading furniture manufacturer, out of business, and laying off 633,000 workers.

PERRY COMA IS A TRAITOR



Coma professes to be a great patriot constantly extolling his country and raising money for important causes. In his spare time he likes to play golf.

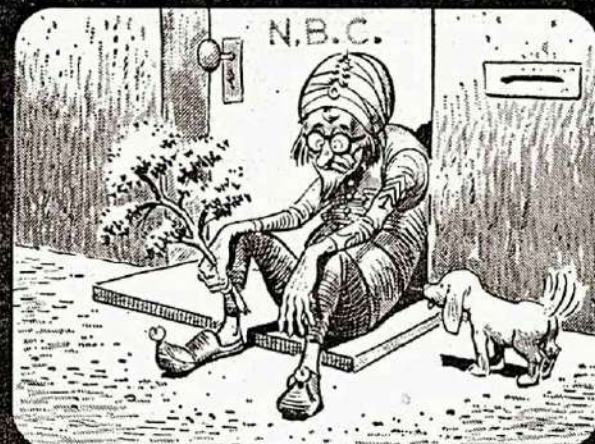


FACT: On July 11th, while playing a round of golf at Burning Tree Golf Course, Coma swung and missed 10 times while teeing off on the seventh hole. This delayed an important U.S. official, in the party behind him, from returning to his office to take care of some vital matters of State.

PERRY COMA IS INTOLERANT



Because he honors holidays and people of various religious and nationality groups on his programs, Coma tries to give the impression that he is a standard bearer of tolerance.



FACT: On November 4th of last year, Kilkilmaal Yoshu, Grand Weezar of the Bayonne Deciduous Tree Worshipers, asked Coma to honor his organization's most solemn holiday, the Eve of Holey Bark, on Coma's November 9th program. Coma insulted him by offering him instead his program of November 16th. As every deciduous tree worshiper knows November 16th is the day of the Acorn Fast, a period of no television and no yogurt.

PERRY COMA IS UNHAPPY



Most people think that because Coma is always smiling that he is happy. Actually he is often quite miserable. He smiles all the time because when he isn't smiling he looks like another TV star . . . somebody on another network.



FACT: Here is the first view ever presented to the public of Perry Coma, not smiling.

MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN

Scene • The kitchen of The Retreating Derriere, a small, French restaurant in the lower sixties in New York. Marcel (the chef) and Annie (waitress and chef's helper) are talking.

A trifle flat!
The legs too
thin! Still, one
must accept
what one
can obtain!



MARCEL: Roast, onions, carrots, stock, garlic, pullets, spinach, potatoes, mushrooms, wine! Bon! ... Annie!

ANNIE: Yeah?

MARCEL: This Martin! ... Salt, pepper, flour, bon! ... The one of many words! He has stopped eating, perhaps? I hear no more talk of him while we prepare the dinners!

ANNIE: That creep! Comes in here and stuffs his big carcass with swell eats! But when he takes ME out, it's Prexy's for hamburgers! After a ride on the Staten Island ferry! Big deal!

MARCEL: Skewers, twine, the small knife! Mercil! ... You will not see him again? ... The oven temperature, now!

ANNIE: Oven temperature, 450! ... If I never see him again, it'll be too soon!

MARCEL: Bon! ... Roast ready! Oven ready! The roasting pan now! Mercil! The beef has the right color! ... You have some ... small savings, perhaps?

ANNIE: You want to make a light touch, perhaps?

MARCEL: You make the joke! ... Over open! Top shelf! Bon! ... It is all this talk of wanting to be married! In my country we assemble these things with courage! The bride comes with a so necessary dowry! It makes a difference! ... The pullets, now!

ANNIE: Oh, yeah! Well, this is sixty-second street, U.S.A.!

MARCEL: Cleaver! Bowl for entrails! ... It is of no account! One merely ponders these things! ...

Boning knife!

ANNIE: Dowry or no dowry, I'd make some man a DARN good wife!

MARCEL: A trifle flat! The legs too thin! Still, one must accept what one can obtain!

ANNIE: Sa-ay! Who's flat! Whose legs are skinny! Why, you... you...!

MARCEL: The pullet, chérie! A trifle underweight, but for the purpose, adequate! Rump to head on the rack, now! Ah, they look well so! A certain intimacy, n'est-ce pas?

ANNIE: Boy! You had me worried for a minute!

MARCEL: You have twenty-six years, is it not, Chérie? ... Mushrooms, paring knife! Umm, a bit withered around the edges! A little trimming here! And there! So! From nothing, I make something delectable! It is a way I have!

ANNIE: I have twenty-FOUR years! And I make my own clothes!

MARCEL: Oven temperature?

ANNIE: Red hot! It's up to four-seventy-five!

MARCEL: Admirable! All your own clothes, eh?

ANNIE: Everything except shoes, pocketbooks and ... and things!

MARCEL: Everything marches well! The roast advances! The pullets prepared! ... Inform me, you think thirty is perhaps, ancient?

ANNIE: Yes ... and then again, no! A fellow gets to be kind of steady and quiet by then!

MARCEL: It is a veritable certainty! ... You will please to skim the stock? ... At thirty, one is perhaps, not romantic enough?

ANNIE: Romance! Headaches and callouses from sitting on park benches!

MARCEL: Two people with understanding ... and some small savings ... could effect an alliance! Perhaps open a small restaurant! Candles in cognac bottles instead of the lights fluoresce! ... Lowly dishes brought to distinction with loving cooking

... the service superb! It is a thing to think about! ANNIE: Gee! My sister could do cute menus! With Marcel and Anne Renaud! She's an artist! She'd help us get started! She's a swell kid! Mygawd! What am I saying?

MARCEL: Reduce oven speed to two-fifty! ... This swell kid, this sister of yours, has how many years?

ANNIE: Jennie? She's old! She's twenty-eight! I mean ... I'm sorry! ... I ...

MARCEL: It is of no importance! ... We baste the roast! Use a little of the stock! The Time?

ANNIE: Ten-to!

MARCEL: Recently, you have seen your doctor and your dentist? ... Pullets on broiler!

ANNIE: Yeah! When I was a blood donor to Jennie's husband, two months ago!

MARCEL: The husband of Jennie, he is well again?

ANNIE: Jake? He went back to work last week!

MARCEL: Your apartment, the rent is what?

ANNIE: The landlord wanted to raise the rent! The rent board stopped him! Boy! Did they get on his ... they stopped him! It's still fifty-two-fifty!

MARCEL: Manageable! ... The spinach proceeds! ... You have no debts?

ANNIE: I don't owe a living soul a cent! People should live inside their incomes, I always say!

MARCEL: Chérie has much wisdom! ... Turn the pullets! ... Tomorrow, after we have completed the lunch preparations, we could to the license bureau quickly go! The day after, to the doctor! By the week's end, all should be in good arrange! ... Remove the spinach!

ANNIE: Oh ... h, MAR ... CEL!

MARCEL: It is then, all arranged, eh chérie?

ANNIE: Madam Anne Renaud! Oh, Marcel, you french are so ... o romantic!

MARCEL: Reduce broiler speed! We do have a certain manner with these matters! Baste roast!

CURTAIN



Nowadays the most publicized figure is unquestionably the one belonging to the French cinematic star, Brigitte Bardot. Pick up any magazine or newspaper and chances are that you'll find at least one picture of her. What with

all the passion she inspires, we got to wondering how she might look if some of the great artists of yesterday and today had painted her. So like with a little stretch of our imaginations, we can just visualize . . .



BARDOT

Amedeo Modigliani



THE ARTIST'S SISTER

James Whistler



THE BIRTH OF VENUS

Sandro Botticelli



GIRL WITH TOWEL

Pablo Picasso

BRIGITTE BARDOT

as seen by different artists...



UNFINISHED PORTRAIT · *Gilbert Stuart*



THE GIRL AT THE WINDOW · *Jan Vermeer*



THE DUCHESS DE BARDOT

Francisco De Goya



MAMA MIA

Leonardo Da Vinci



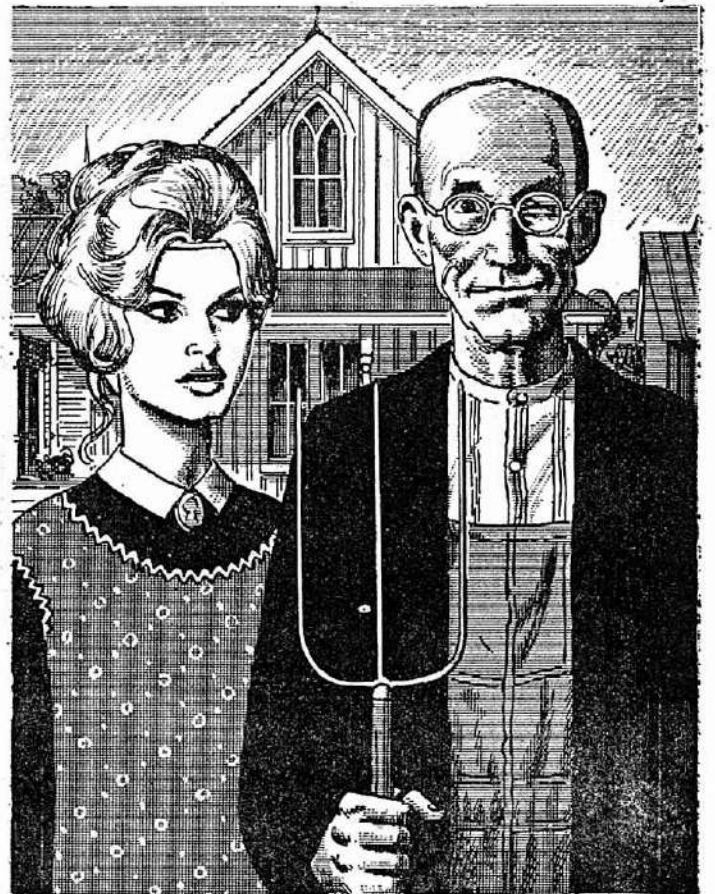
SUNFLOWER GIRL

Vincent Van Gogh



THERE ARE NO HANDS

Salvatore Dali



AMERICAN GALLIC

Grant Wood

IT ONLY HURTS WHEN I BREATHE:

Back in the good old days when you got sick it really was a pleasure. Everything was very simple then. You just went to see your family doctor and whatever it was that troubled you this one man would fix you right up. This same doctor treated you whether you had a . . .



NAGGING BACKACHE



SUPERFICIAL WOUND



CASE OF HIVES



HEARTBURN



RUN DOWN CONDITION

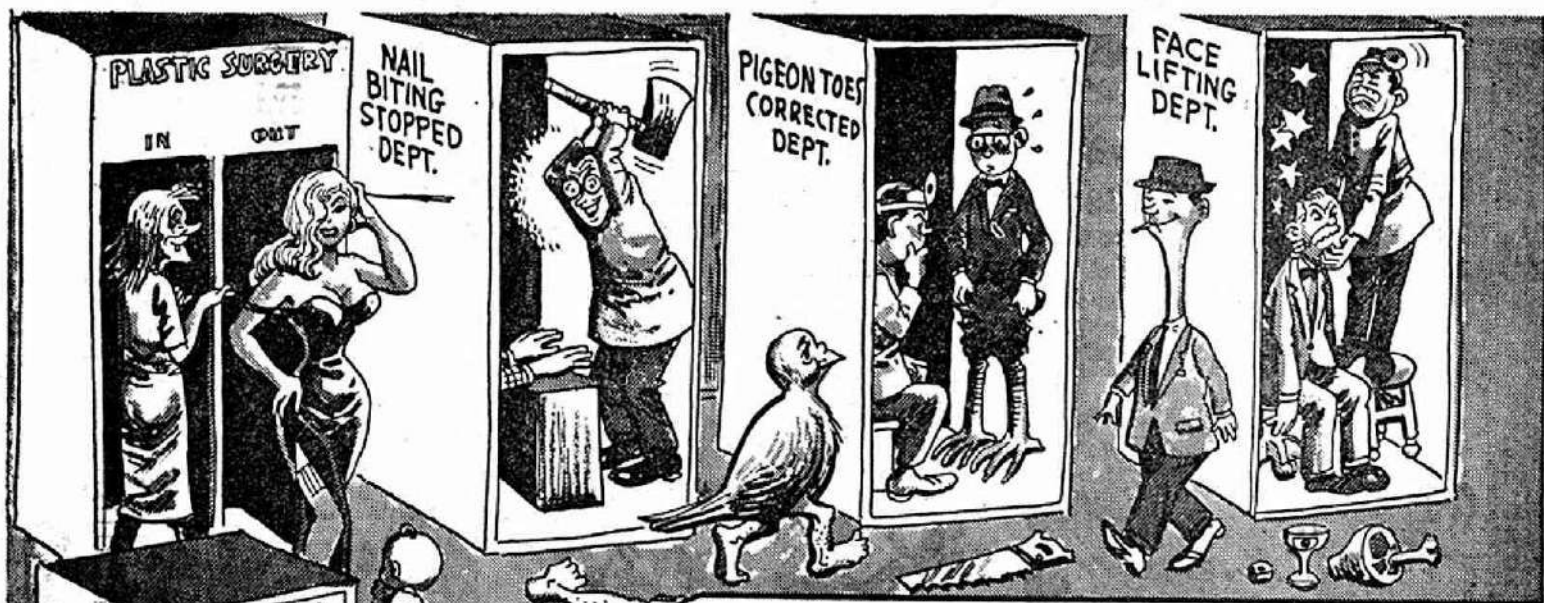


OR JUST A BOO-BOO

Today all that has changed. Nowadays every doctor is a specialist. For any little thing that ails you, there's a different guy you have to see. You even need a specialist to tell you what kind of a specialist to go to. Just turn the page and we'll show you how far this trend has taken us as we look into an ultra-modern, big-city hospital, and its . . .

MEDICAL SPECIALISTS





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Service	Room No.
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Nostril Hair Removed	402
Adam's Apples Elongated	403
Clefts Put In Chins	404
Eardrums Expertly Punctured	405
Hardening Of Artilleries Made Soft	406
Doctors Notes For Absences	407
Russian Roulette	408
Bargain Pancreas Operations	Basement





DOCTORS AVAILABLE
FORTY COMMERCIALS
ROOM 236

HYPOCHONDRIAC'S
MEETING
3PM ROOM 629

JOE MANCIELLY



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\$3.00

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to behold.



\$2.00

SHRUNKEN HEAD

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... If they don't, make sure they will with these Horror-House-All-Rubber face masks.



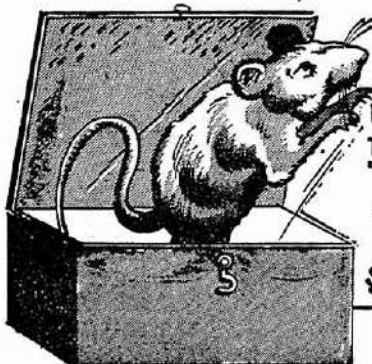
\$3.00

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